

"JESUITS' BARK" ¹

I PROPOSE in this paper to say something of the story of the discovery of cinchona, and of its introduction into Europe, so far as modern historians have been able to reconstruct it. For certainly it has been necessary to reconstruct. There are probably few events of history about which so many legends and false statements have grown as about the history of cinchona. Many writers, very naturally, have tried to discover its origin, and how it first came to our hemisphere, and for lack of precise information have endeavoured to supplement their scanty resources by calculations or guesses of their own. These calculations, once set in type, have been willingly accepted by succeeding authors, either from lack of interest to have them verified, or because the known facts were so few that none could be spared, not even the false ones; sometimes, perhaps, because of some religious or other prejudice which has prevented historians from emending what has been handed down.

As an instance of unsound history of this kind, however well-intentioned, we will take a single author of repute. Probably the standard English authority on this subject is Sir Clements Markham, who did so much for the spreading of cinchona growing in the British Empire. In his otherwise admirable book, "Travels in Peru and India while superintending the collection of Chinchona (*sic*) plants and seeds in South America and their introduction into India," published in the 'sixties of last century, he devotes a part of his first chapter to the history of the plant and its first reception in Europe. That chapter has been accepted by subsequent writers, not only in England but in France and Germany, and may be taken as the popular history at least until recent years. Yet it bristles with errors, errors which, for the most part, the most elementary knowledge of contemporary history can correct; in correcting these, we shall at the same time be correcting the statements of other historians, and giving evidence in defence of the date approved by those who, in 1930, celebrated the tercentenary of the introduction of quinine.

To begin with, however, Markham is undoubtedly right in rejecting, giving to them no more than a contemptible footnote, the fable of the sick puma, and also that of the Indian accidentally drinking the water of a lake. According to

¹ This paper was read at the tercentenary celebration in London of the introduction of cinchona into Europe.

the first it was said that some observers in Peru had noticed pumas eating this bark when they suffered from fever, and had learnt to imitate them. According to the second, an Indian sick with fever accidentally drank the water of a lake into which a cinchona tree had accidentally fallen, and was cured. These fables, says Markham, are of modern origin, and it is true; they are to be found in eighteenth century writers, there is no trace of them before that date, and they are just the kind of story that belongs to imaginative literature, seeking a fancy explanation in myth.

But when he comes to more positive statements we wonder whether he has not allowed his imagination to run riot. It is to be borne in mind that Markham was a scientist more than a historian, and that the work from which we are about to quote is a scientific work, with history brought in only as an introduction; hence we need not be surprised if he has not troubled much to verify his facts or his references, but has been content to take over both from others. This, in matter of fact, he has obviously done; his references are inaccurate, he gives erroneous names to the books he mentions, even his Latin quoted makes one suspect that he was not too familiar with that tongue. Moreover, it is not easy to trace the sources of his information. A certain distance we can go, but when we have reached a limit Markham seems to put the facts together and to draw conclusions for himself; pardonable in one who wishes to give his own opinion or solution of a problem, but it is not history.

Markham, then, tells us that "in about 1630 Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, the Spanish Corregidor of Loxa, being ill with an intermittent fever, an Indian of Malacotas is said to have revealed to him the healing virtues of quinquina bark, and to have instructed him in the proper way to administer it, and thus his cure was effected." He goes on to say that "in 1638 the wife of Luis Geronimo Fernandez de Cabrera Bobadilla Mendoza, fourth Count of Chinchon, lay sick of an intermittent fever in the palace of Lima. Her famous cure induced Linnaeus, long afterwards, to name the whole genus of quinine-yielding trees in her honour cinchona." He then gives us an account of this Countess of Chinchon, whom he calls "a daughter of the noble house of Osorio," and gives her the Christian name of Ana. We are then told how, in 1638, when in her sixty-third year, during a fever she was sent a phial of powdered quinquina by the Don Juan Lopez de Canizares, of whom we have just heard;

how "the powder was administered to the Countess and effected a complete cure." Then we read that "the Count of Chinchon returned to Spain in 1640, and his Countess, bringing with her a quantity of the healing bark, was thus the first person to introduce this invaluable medicine into Europe." He concludes, "In memory of this great service Linnaeus named the genus which yields it *cinchona*, and afterwards the Lady Ana's name was further immortalized in the great family of *Chinchonaceae*, which, together with *Chinchonae*, include *ipecacuanhas* and coffee. By modern writers the 'h' has usually been dropped, and the word is now almost invariably, but most erroneously, spelt *Cinchona*."

Not till then does he mention the share of others in the discovery. He continues:

After the cure of the Countess of Chinchon, the Jesuits were the great promoters of the introduction of the bark into Europe. In 1639, as the last act of his vice-royalty, her husband did good service to the cause of geographical discovery, by causing the expedition under the Portuguese Texeira to proceed from Quito to the mouth of the Amazon, accompanied by the Jesuit Acuña, who wrote a most valuable account of the voyage. From that time the missionaries of Acuña's fraternity continued to penetrate into the forests bordering on the upper waters of the Amazons, and to form settlements, and Humboldt mentioned a tradition that these Jesuits accidentally discovered the bitterness of the bark, and tried an infusion of it in tertian ague. In 1670 Jesuit missionaries sent parcels of the powdered bark to Rome, whence it was distributed to members of the fraternity throughout Europe by the Cardinal de Lugo, and used for the cure of agues with great success. Hence the name of "Jesuit's bark," and "Cardinal's bark," and it was a ludicrous result of its patronage by the Jesuits that its use should have been for a long time opposed by Protestants and favoured by Roman Catholics.

This history of *cinchona*, as given by Markham, seems at first sufficiently circumstantial and convincing; nevertheless, when we examine the points in detail, we meet with some surprises. Let us begin with the last. Markham tells us that it was in 1670 that some Jesuit missionaries sent *cinchona* to Rome, and that afterwards Cardinal de Lugo distributed it among the fraternity. Unfortunately for this

statement, Cardinal de Lugo died in 1660, and there is no other Cardinal of the name with whom the distribution of cinchona can be identified. He was Cardinal from 1643 to 1660; during his cardinalate it is well known that, owing to his position as Cardinal Protector of the Peruvian missions, he was in constant communication with the missionaries there. From them he received an abundance of cinchona powder, and he used it so freely among the poor of Rome and elsewhere that it received the name of "Cardinal's bark." In almost every work on cinchona which appeared between 1653 and 1663 Cardinal de Lugo is considered in detail, several authors have in fact adopted special references to the Cardinal "as the first disseminator of cinchona on a large scale."

This initial mistake, of attributing the introduction of cinchona to de Lugo in 1670 when de Lugo himself had died in 1660, compels us at once to disregard almost every other date which Markham has given. Even the books he quoted tell a different story; and we can only excuse Markham from serious default by supposing that he has taken the references from others before him on faith, without once consulting the books themselves. Probably they were not within his reach and in any case he wished to push on to the subject with which he was more familiar, and which was the main purpose of his book. It will suffice to say here, and these conclusions will be proved I hope in the following essay, that the Jesuits knew about cinchona long before 1639, that the Countess of Chinchon, a great supporter of the bark in Lima, never herself returned to Spain, that it was known in Europe long before 1640, when her husband returned, and that in Lima itself the knowledge of cinchona goes back beyond 1630. Without taking Markham's statements in greater detail I trust they will be sufficiently corrected by what follows.

In almost every part of the world it is well known that native peoples, especially those living in jungles and forests, are well acquainted with herbs and roots with healing properties, not for fever only but for other diseases. Some of these may be only quack medicines; others may be used with quack concoctions and superstitious practices which the medicine men for their own purposes take care to circulate. But in almost every case, underneath the quackery, there are herbs which have genuine medicinal effect, and that in quite a remarkable degree. No one, I think, can have had much

experience of missionary work among aboriginal peoples without being satisfied on this point, unless he wishes to attribute to the medicine men most remarkable miraculous powers. Their clients do fall ill and come to them; they come to them, often, in preference to coming to the trained physician; there are incantations and formulas, but there are also extracts of herbs to be drunk; and the sick man is often cured, the wound healed, usually in quite a short time. Of this there can scarcely be any doubt.

Consequently it would seem to me very strange indeed if, as is supposed by some writers, the Indian aborigines of South America, when the Spaniards came among them, were ignorant of the virtues of Peruvian bark; even though, it may be true that its absence from the wallets of itinerant native doctors, who have plied their trade from father to son since the days of the Incas, certainly gives some countenance to this supposition. But whether its use was generally known or not, it seems more than probable that in the neighbourhood of Loxa, 230 miles south of Quito, where it was first made known to Europeans, it was well known to the resident Indians; moreover, the Indian name for the tree, quinaquina, "bark of bark," indicates by its reduplication that it was believed to possess some special medicinal qualities. But though they might know of it, it might be long before they would reveal it to their white conquerors. In India at the present time I am satisfied that there are many healing herbs known to Indians and unknown to Europeans; and the Indians of South America looked upon their Spanish masters with far more dislike and suspicion.

This will easily explain the interval which elapsed between the discovery and settlement of the country and the first use of Peruvian bark by Europeans. The conquest and subsequent civil wars in Peru cannot be said to have been finally concluded until the time of the viceroy Marquis of Canete in 1560, and the explorer J. de Jussieu reports that a Jesuit, who had fever at Malacotas, was cured by Peruvian bark in 1600. M. la Cardamina also states that he found, in the library of a convent at Loxa, a manuscript in which it was stated that the Europeans of that province used the bark at about the same time. If this is true, then there is an interval of only forty years between the pacification of Peru and the discovery of its most valuable product.

What evidence de Jussieu had for the date 1600 we do not know; in what we have to say here we follow for the most

part Rompel, who has made the most exhaustive researches into the history of cinchona. The Spanish Jesuit missionaries had entered Peru soon after the year 1560, and, as usual wherever they went, along with their missionary enterprise they had set themselves both to study the country and its resources and to organize the native tribes into a solid, self-governing people. The story of the South American reservations is well known. Whether they had already come to a knowledge of quina-quina, as used by the natives, we cannot say; but the fact that a Jesuit himself in his mission station at Loxa was cured of malaria by a friendly native by its means at once began to attract the attention of his brethren. On this account its first name among Europeans appears to have been "Loxa bark."

A little later the Countess Chinchon, wife of the then viceroy of Peru, fell ill of fever, and at the recommendation of a Jesuit in Lima the remedy was tried on her. It proved a complete success, with the result, not only that the Countess was cured, but that at once she set herself to be its advocate and promoter. She caused large quantities of the bark to be collected and organized its distribution, partly herself, partly through the Jesuit Fathers of the College of St. Paul at Lima. Hence it soon began to be called the Countess's Powder, "*Pulvis Comitissæ*"; and probably on this account, because she was the first patron of the bark, Linnaeus later in 1742 gave it a name derived from her, cinchona. Such at least is the traditional story given to account for the origin of the word; perhaps it may also be that the Indian name, quina-quina, contracted to quinquina, may have been confused with hers, and the eminent botanist may have fixed on that which had some resemblance to the two—quinquina—Chinchon—cinchona.

Nevertheless it seems certain that the honour of having first brought the bark to Europe is not to be attributed to the Countess of Chinchon, in spite of the statement of Markham and others. The Countess never returned to Europe; she died before her husband's period of office was completed in 1640. Already before that time it can now be clearly shown that the bark was well known. The distinction of having first imported it must be given, it would seem, to a Jesuit, Barnabé de Cobo (1582—1657); and on his account for some time the plant went by the name of the *Cobaea* plant. This Father had already distinguished himself as an explorer in Mexico and in Peru. In his capacity of Pro-

curator of the Peruvian province, an office which entailed the keeping of connection and communication between the missionaries and their brethren at home, de Cobo brought back the bark from Lima, first to Spain, and afterwards to Rome and other parts of Italy. We have evidence that it was becoming known and used in the latter country in 1632: in a very few years after, at least by 1641, we find it being discussed in Italian medical writings, as a thing already well known to medical men.

Meanwhile in Lima itself its uses were being multiplied. When the Count Chinchon returned to Europe in 1640, he and his physician, de Vega, brought it back with them in large quantities; hence a new source from which it soon spread, not only in Italy, but in other parts of the former Empire of Charles V., particularly in the Low Countries. Still the Count, and indeed the Spaniards in general, did not seem to realize the significance of their discovery or to trouble themselves much about it; indeed, both in Spain and in the Netherlands, as we shall soon see, it found some of its bitterest opponents. Three years after his return another Jesuit, Bartholomé Tapur, who had succeeded de Cobo as procurator of the Peruvian mission, came back to Europe with still larger quantities of the bark, and with his coming its definite place in the medical science of the Old World seems to have been established. From this time it becomes a common topic of discussion, for approval or strong disapproval; on whichever side the physicians of the time ranged themselves, it could no longer be ignored. And this can safely be said of the period not later than 1650, which at once disposes of the dates given by Markham.

Father Tapur made his way to Rome through France; on his route it is said, not without some authority, that he cured of fever by means of the bark the young dauphin who was afterwards Louis XIV.; not improbably it was on this account that the French court began to take a lively interest in the promotion of cinchona at an early date. When Tapur arrived in Italy he had necessarily to come much into contact with the great Jesuit theologian, de Lugo, who was made a cardinal in 1643, and was appointed Cardinal Protector of the South American missions. It was through this channel that the Cardinal came to know of the bark and its wonderful properties, and at once, from this date till his death in 1660, he made himself its most faithful advocate and promoter, jealously defended it against many adversaries, who from

their greater learning in medicine might have been thought more reliable, and spared no pains to have it generously distributed, and without profit, to the poor and suffering in the humbler quarters of Rome. On this account it soon became known, not in Italy only, as Cardinal's powder, Lugo's powder—"pulvis cardinalis," "pulvis Lugonis,"—the name itself and its wide circulation are abundant evidence of the part the great Cardinal played in its dissemination.

Indeed, so important did Cardinal de Lugo consider this discovery that he seems evidently to have determined to put the use of the bark on a sound footing from the first. There were soon enemies about who could prove, apparently with good evidence, that cinchona produced all kinds of suspicious consequences and symptoms, and it was necessary that confidence should be established, both for the right use of the powder and for its future development. To secure the highest sanction possible in those days, he had the bark analysed by the Pope's own physician, by name Gabriel Fonseca, and from him obtained a favourable report which he was able to make public. Then, when once popular opinion began to move in his favour, the Cardinal had great quantities brought over from Peru, thus inaugurating a systematic trade in the drug between South America and Europe.

It seems almost curious that though undoubtedly by this time the cinchona bark was well known in Spain, France, and the Low Countries, yet its wide diffusion is to be traced almost entirely from Italy; almost all its first patrons bear the impress of Cardinal de Lugo. Such, for instance, was Petro Paulo Pacciarini (1600—1661), a Jesuit lay-Brother, who was the apothecary or infirmarian of the Jesuit College in Rome, and who undoubtedly deserves the greatest credit after de Lugo for distributing the genuine unadulterated article. To him is attributed the "Schedula Romana," the first copy of which is dated 1651, giving directions for the right use of cinchona, and though this is by no means the first mention of the bark in contemporary medical literature, it is perhaps the first systematic treatise on its application. Such, again, was Honore Fabre, a French Jesuit, who lived for a time in Rome and became intimate with Cardinal de Lugo; on Fabre's return to his own country he found a considerable opposition roused by two strong anti-cinchona writers, one a famous Brussels doctor, Jean Jacques Chifflet; another named Plempius, in Paris. Fabre returned to Italy

and from there replied to those attacks. Under the name of Antimus Conygius he published, in 1655, a brochure defending the bark and its uses, which immediately obtained a wide circulation and became a kind of text-book on the subject. This brochure is the first of a long series of the kind, for from this time for many years the controversy was bitter; but it is not without interest to observe that though Fabre wrote the first article in defence of cinchona, it seems to have been the only one written by a Jesuit. Following him were two Genoese champions of the bark, Girolamo Bardi, a priest, and Sebastiano Baldo, a physician. Both of these men were also intimate with Cardinal de Lugo, and through his influence became stout advocates of the remedy.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that a very strong prejudice was at first raised in almost every country against the use of cinchona, which it took many years to overcome, and the controversies which arose on the subject were long and acrimonious. These controversies were rendered the more bitter because they were mixed up with religion. By far the best, and most unadulterated, and cheapest powder was to be obtained from the colleges of the Jesuits; on this account it was that it became gradually known as Jesuits' bark, a name which for a time superseded every other. But this alone, at a time when in France the Jansenists were waging relentless war on the Jesuits, while in England to be known to be a Jesuit was to be guilty of high treason, did not make its reception any the more popular. In Spain, too, there had always been a strong prejudice against the Jesuits in some of the older universities; while in the Low Countries the Calvinists had no use for them. As evidence of the opposition in Spain Dr. Colmenero, a professor of the University of Salamanca, wrote a book in which he declared that ninety sudden deaths had been caused by its use in Madrid alone. In Brussels Chifflet, and in Paris Plempius, of whom we have already spoken, prophesied the early death of quinquina and its inevitable malediction by future ages; while on the other side Baldo of Genoa defended its use as we have seen, and quoted more than 12,000 cures by the aid of this remedy, in the hands of the best doctors of the hospitals in Italy.

It may be said that a fortuitous circumstance helped to spread the knowledge of cinchona bark throughout Europe by means of the Jesuits. It chanced that, owing to successive premature deaths of the Generals of the Order, three general

congregations had to be held in Rome in 1646, 1650 and 1652. To each of these congregations, in accordance with the Constitutions of the Order, three delegates were sent from each province spread over Europe. These delegates learnt from their brethren in Rome the wonderful results of the use of de Lugo's bark. They returned to their respective countries its devoted advocates, and from their different colleges the knowledge of the remedy easily spread, in spite of local opposition. Soon after this period, that is, from 1650 onwards, there is evidence of its use in the Jesuit colleges at Genoa, Lyons, Louvain, Ratisbon, and elsewhere.

It was about this time, too, that it reached England, though there could be no Jesuit houses as such in the country at that period; and it is interesting to notice that in spite of the proscription it still bore the name here of Jesuits' bark. The English weekly of that generation, *Mercurius Politicus*, as early as 1658, contains among other advertisements, in four numbers, the announcement that, "The excellent powder, known by the name of 'Jesuits' powder,' may be obtained from several London chemists, etc." In 1679 Louis XIV. bought the secret of preparing quinquina from Sir Robert Talbot, an English doctor, and the King's Physician, for two thousand louis d'or, a large pension, and a title. From that time Peruvian bark seems to have been recognized as the most efficacious remedy for intermittent fevers. In 1692 Dr. Morton, one of the opponents of its use, was obliged to retract all he had said against quinquina. The second Lord Shaftesbury, who died in 1699, mentions in one of his letters, "Dr. Lock's¹ and all our ingenious and able doctors' method of treating fevers with Peruvian bark." He declares his belief that it is "the most innocent and effectual of all medicines," but he also alludes to "the bugbear the world makes of it, especially the tribe of inferior physicians."

Thus by the end of the seventeenth century the cause of cinchona was definitely established. It still remained, however, a subject of controversy, and as late as 1714 we find two eminent Italian physicians, Ramazzini and Torti, holding opposite views about it.

✠ ALBAN GOODIER.

¹ A friend reminds me that this was almost certainly John Locke, the philosopher, who was also a physician and a friend of Shaftesbury.

FLOWERS OF THE SKY

DURING the summer, it became for a while my business to sit in a garden and think about nothing. However, you can't think about nothing, especially when you are surrounded by a blaze of flowers. On the top level of that garden was the blaze-in-chief, consisting of geraniums and African marigolds. The garden sank then, by means of grey steps, to a lower level, which was gorgeous with snap-dragon of all tints—gorgeous rather than blazing. Still lower, beyond a lily-pond into which a small fountain sent its exquisite arc of water, were roses, more dim in their colour, and then, a hedge of misty lavender. Then, between trees, you looked into an airy blue, for the house stood at the top of a cliff beneath which were "marshes," tawny gold till they reached the sea-line. But the gold was suffused by that blue, and you felt the presence of the air before you noticed the land.

Moreover, upon the flowers, butterflies kept descending, settling, fanning splendid wings. I thought: "I must re-picture distant days, when I had time to take pleasure in the wings of butterflies and so on," and indeed I began to do so. I found I had forgotten little. I even thought I would like to write about them. But the months went by, and I thought, "Well, butterflies are over for this year . . ." But not at all.

On the Michaelmas daisies, later on, varied in tint from the palest lilac to rich purple, surrounding Besford Court, Red Admirals, Peacocks, and the Comma butterfly descended as gloriously as ever. This time, I decided that I really must say "Thank You" for the butterflies. God *needn't* have made anything so lovely. No one will persuade me that a Peacock, for example, inevitably developed its splendours so that some bird might eat it and thus find what exactly suited its digestion. . . No, no. God created a lot of lovely butterflies, sure that plenty of people would like them, glad that they should like them, and very pleased if anyone said "Thank You" for them. So let us forthwith do so. I might add, that Besford Court is the special piece of work done in England by St. Teresa the Less, and the petals she is always showering down on it from heaven must look very like new

butterflies, just as the butterflies look like heavenly little flowers.

As a matter of fact, the butterflies you mostly come across are very Carmelite—the humble Whites, and the modest little Browns. One gets so accustomed to the Small White butterfly, that one may hardly notice it, save when in fear for the cabbages or mignonette which its caterpillars eat. . . . But it isn't merely white; all these Whites are of the subtlest colour, and lustrous—powdered with fine silver, and dusted here and there with delicate brown, and with those spots of sepia that have been set in so exquisite a rhythm. Perhaps the Large White is the most certain of itself amongst our butterflies; its simplicity is absolute; it relies entirely on its form and subtle tint; only the tips of its upper wings are sepia-black—and study these black spots! Here is no black, but an elusive brown, very profound, but with all sorts of reflections of purple and even green, fathom-deep within it. Simpler still, you might think, is the Black-veined White, because it has no spots at all; but no! It is a modern-our butterfly, relying even more serenely on its vigorous outline and proudly exhibiting the magnificence of a butterfly's veining. Its *structure* is so perfect, so emphasized, that of course it can do without any decoration. An "architectural" butterfly, austere, disdaining extras. Why, even the Green-veined White has all sorts of grey, green and palest yellow shadowings; and as for the Bath White, it is forming a real pattern upon itself; a positive dappling of dark brown is beginning to adorn the tips of the upper wings, and of dusky-green the underside of the lower ones. You would think it was working its way towards the Marbled White, quite a different sort of butterfly, with plaques and crescents and eyes of smoky brown and cream disposed upon it more finely than on any marble! And I cannot but mention that dear little sylph-like Wood-White, which insists on even its chrysalis being a lovely green, delicately nerved with pink! So I would beg of you to think well of the Whites. They express aptly enough our human purity, which is stainless in but how few, yet of which the shining is so exquisite and so strong. The white butterfly is never dead- nor chalk-white, any more than Christian purity is chill; and that structural value to which I alluded is also to the point—for there is nothing so constructive as true purity.

Now St. Teresa wore her white cloak over the brown

habit: from these butterflies' point of view, I think the brown ought to have come outermost. For humility is a good cloak for purity. However, we can't quite make symbolisms fit, and never mind! For the Meadow Browns that fly so homely over our hot turfs and commonest stubble, are a modest little butterfly, and you would hardly notice them while they are seated on dried stalks or even earth. In my heart I am not quite so sure about their humility, because on his upper wing-tips, the male has a suffusion of orange, sometimes making a definite orange ring round his black "eyes" each with its pure white spot in the middle of it, which gives the eyes an amazingly alert and "seeing" quality. And the female has still more orange about her, though an orange always veiled in brown. And the underside of the wings is, if orange-brown, yet that of a faded leaf, very elaborate if you peer into its design. But when all is said and done, this group of butterflies, the Meadow Brown, the Gatekeeper, the Large and the Small Heath, the Scotch Argus, and the Ringlet butterflies, flit shadowy and sometimes sombre over our landscape. Nor will I quite forget the group of "Skipper" butterflies, which try their best, but cannot, I confess, resent their none too complimentary names—Grizzled, and even Dingy. . . "The Dingy Skipper"! Really, all but a story-title for W. W. Jacobs! And indeed these little grey and brown and black and mottled creatures are secretive among butterflies, and allow themselves to be mistaken by the unwary for mere moths. . .¹ Yet all these are apt to adorn themselves with eyes—very dark, sometimes velvety black eyes, with that tiny white point in the centre, and the flush of orange round them, and the Small Heath, the most faded-looking of them all, reserves for its underside the most amazing harmonies of grey and milky green and a whole fringe of eyes, audaciously black and white against the faint basic colouring of the wing. These are small butterflies; but the other brown ones that I think of along with them, the Wall Butterfly and the Grayling and the Speckled Wood, seem to have tried to grow much bigger, and their smoky brown warms itself towards chestnut and almost tortoiseshell;

¹ I don't forget that they are now engaged in washing out the lines of demarcation between butterflies and moths. Not even the club-form of the butterfly's antennæ holds good for the world at large; however, it appears to do so for England, and that is what we want just now. Besides, we have to safeguard the proverb about moths and candles, and only moths come out by night. . . But living as we do in an age of social change, when all is in the melting-pot, perhaps the sunniest butterfly will become a fly-by-night.

and the elaboration of the underside has become almost as intricate as possible, and altogether, I can't call them very Carmelite. Still, on the wing, if you haven't sharp eyes, they melt into the "brown butterfly" type, and we won't forget them when thinking of St. Teresa's white and brown.

But now, I must myself forget that claustral colouring, and be grateful that Nature has done just what she ought to do, and placed, in the midst of the white butterflies and the brown ones, a few so glorious in crocus, daffodil and golden-orange as to lift the whole colour-scheme into a new order. Who could have invented the Orange-Tip, with that incredible splendour of true orange at the ends of its upper wings—audacious white butterfly, suddenly springing that splendour upon us, and just correcting the slight *weakness* of orange and white by the sepia edgings and eyes! Worth remembering—when you decorate a room with papal white and yellow, you must strengthen that brilliant but vague dazzle with something stronger—Icelandic poppies, for example, as they kept doing in Australia so effectively during the Eucharistic Congress. And the Orange-Tip has picked up the hint given by the other Whites, and made their cloudy olive-greens, underneath, into a firm pattern. The discreet female of this butterfly abandons the flaming orange, but enjoys herself thoroughly with untiring variations of that green. But I remember my joy when the undiluted sunshine of a Brimstone Butterfly flashed past me for the first time; when I caught one, I found that all the same it had adorned its vivid yellow with an orange eye, and tiny flecks of brown; but then, it reduced all this to the minimum, and went back to pure form as self-sufficient, though not the clean firm curves of the Black-veined White, but curves more complicated yet flattened somewhat, rather like those of perpendicular architecture. But fierce among butterflies is the Clouded Yellow, and by "clouded" you must imagine nothing dimmed—even though the roots of the wings have a rust, a fluff, of brown upon them. This butterfly tips and borders itself with a deep warm brown, only to display more fiercely the gold and orange that are its main colouring; even of the Pale Clouded Yellow, you will remember that its delicate primrose, spotted and tipped with brown, is not a poor colour, but a very rich one, and it rightly enters into the group of butterflies which, to my imagination, gives tone and glory to the white ones and the brown—and after all, they are not too

un-Carmelite; for, all the Carmelites are qualifying for their halos, and certainly St. Teresa of Lisieux has a very splendid one; and now I come to think of it, her great Namesake came first to her convent dressed in orange silk with bands of black velvet upon it! Fine and Spanish, if you like!

Well, brown, and white, and a little orange-gold. Now add to that sky-blue, or, dare I say it?, blue lovelier than the sky's. No blue could be *more* profound than that of butterflies' wings; none more varied; none more delicate. And even the sky, even the sea, hardly possess the amazing iridescence of those wings. Their scales, already so infinitesimal, have a yet tinier striation upon them, which breaks up the light, makes the blue to seem "shot" with purple, green and silver. Kingfishers' wings, the greatest colour-moments of the Pacific, or again, a phosphorescent sea, alone have approached, for me, the glory and the subtlety of Blue Butterflies. And there is a Blue that they call the "*Common*" Blue! and one that is piteously called the "*Small*" Blue; and another, hideously called the "*Bloxworth*" Blue, simply because that is where they found it. . . The Adonis Blue is splendid enough; but one can't think highly of Adonis. And there are lots of other Blues, with uninspired names, but one must admit the glamour of "Chalk-Hill Blue," because that does make one picture the evanescent white of the cliffs, the summer sea, the tiny flowers of the turf upon the Downs, and light. Yet this butterfly is lovelier still, and ought to have been called after the moonlight. That is the marvel of all the butterflies, but of Blues in particular—they have the softness of velvet and of silk, and yet the grandeur of molten metals—well, St. John talked of "transparent gold," and it is *through* the silver of the Chalk Hill Blue that you seem to detect all the blues of twilight and of the moon. Often a purplish, even brownish tint spreads over those Blues, and the poor little females often are merely brown; but the underside of those wings. . . Evanescent greys and faint tawnies, and a riot of dark eyes rimmed with white! Well, there is one flower I can think of (we have so few truly blue ones!) which can compare with and indeed compete with these blue butterflies—some varieties of delphiniums, and even then, chiefly in the inside of their calices. When the ideal "Little Flower" is painted, she must stand, brown and white and sunlit, against grey walls, with delphiniums tall beside her, and the blue sky above her, and some blue butter-

flies round her—yes, and what exactly corresponds in tone to the bluest of them, the Small Copper (I have never seen a Large one), for that too loves humble haunts, blazes upon hot turfs, has in it a fire that rivals the flaming sapphire of blue butterflies.

Now besides these unostentatious butterflies (even the Clouded Yellow isn't too challengingly magnificent!), there are others, and Carmel, and indeed, St. Francis, I fear, must be left quite behind. However, to my mind the little Hair-streaks act as go-betweens. Not that they are magnificent; but they are extremely exclusive; you will not meet many of them. Then, beside the characteristic "hair-streak" on the underside of their wings, which gives to those wings the appearance of being *frowned*, they extend those wings into a tiny horn or tail; and one is flushed with purple, and another, underneath, suffused with bright metallic green, and altogether they are an intriguing set of insects.

Now my worry about the rest of the butterflies is, that they are too remarkable to be simple little souls like, for example, the Saint of Lisieux. I am not alluding to the Painted Lady, who doesn't deserve her name, especially as half the time "she" is a "he." Yet what a superb arrangement of the colours! Golden-tawny, with velvety black markings, and audacious patches of pure white—a *cloisonné* effect, were it not that here and there the velvet-black and silken-white disregard the veining between which they usually confine themselves. But I confess that after all. . . Well the butterfly does perhaps lend itself to a little criticism. Apart from the delicate but by no means "school-girl"-rosy flush that suffuses it, especially on the underside of the wings (where it mates with the loveliest grey-green-silvery intricacies), the Painted Lady stays out late—and so does the Red Admiral. And whatever be the treatment she receives from that police of butterflies—the Collector—she returns and returns to her post, however hard he have hit at her. Tut. Let respectable folk console themselves. This Lady is notoriously an immigrant: North Africa is her home, so she has excuses.¹ Nor am I alluding to the all-but unapproachables, like the Purple Emperor, who is really a rich brown,

¹ Who could believe this migratory habit of the butterfly, did he not know also about eels and herrings? Enough to say that these ethereal nothings fly hundreds of leagues, often against strong winds, and sometimes quite disregarding obstacles—they have been known to fly through a house, so determined are they to get to their destination!

dappled with pure white spots and orange rings; but when you catch him at the proper angle you see his imperial lustre, a deep-blue purple which he refuses to his Consort. She is splendid in brown and black and white, but never *purpurata*. This insect inhabits the tall oak-trees, and you might wonder how you might ever catch it—but alas! it has a habit . . . a depraved one. Rather as Tsars suddenly found themselves descending to scurrilities, the Purple Emperor soars *down* to rotten meats and feeds upon their juices. Query—*ought* I, in order to capture the All-Highest, to pander to his tastes? I've never done it. But then, I never had the chance. How many crimes are *not* committed, because they would be too nasty! And there are two other butterflies I'm not alluding to as "worrying" me—The Swallowtail and the Camberwell Beauty. The former is a very grand and straddling gentleman—brilliant butter-yellow, barred and bordered with yellow-powdered black, and adorning his lower wings with a wide black-framed series of lustrously blue spots, and audaciously depositing one gorgeous crimson spot at the inner curve of those lower wings, just before they sweep round into the "tails" that give him his name. He flies vigorously; I've never seen him save among the Alps, along with that Apollo butterfly which they say comes no more amongst us—that mystical transparent silver-greyish butterfly, with his black velvet markings and manifold crimson eyes. The Camberwell Beauty too has almost deserted us: this great butterfly is deep chocolate, with a delicate cream-gold border to its wings; and within that fragile border, a velvety-black band with eyes of incandescent sapphire: and, at times, tiny but blood-red patches relieve its sombre wings. Underneath, you would say that it has tried to imitate the intricate markings of a shrivelled leaf; but it could not abdicate its magnificence, and the colouring is too rich for any leaf.

Possibly after all these great butterflies "worry" me in the same sense as a papal legate might or certain splendid abbesses. . . . You seldom see them; they are supremely charming, but after all aloof—they withdraw themselves, and you have not the least chance of following them. Nor, among the Saints, could I feel other than rather shy of the senatorial Ambrose, or Athanasius who had the world against him and didn't mind. . . . But now take the Small Tortoiseshell, of which you so easily see hundreds! Here is a gorgeous butterfly you can hob-nob with! As red-tawny as a wall-

flower, with furry brown shadowings, and black patches velvety once more, and set off by most subtle arrangements of yellow paling into one little patch of white, and adding into the very elaborate border of his wings metallic blue crescents framed in black! Perhaps, a happy little page in butterfly-court, whom the Emperor smiles to see more flamboyant than himself! And this is one of the butterflies whose very shape elaborates itself, though his contour is not so ragged as that of the Comma butterfly, which I have waited all these years to see, and here are quantities of him, on the Besford flowers. Copper and black is he, and russet underneath, with that absurd impertinent white Comma on the under-wing, and easily mistaken for a small example of the Large Tortoiseshell, who drops the blue patches of the Small one, but is still more delicately elaborate underneath. . .

What a poor thing writing is: no one in the world could *write* you an account of so much as the shape of a butterfly—let alone, the Tortoiseshell butterfly. And again, it is so easy to say that a butterfly is richly and rhythmically spotted, black upon copper, like all the family of Fritillaries—yet what would you then know about them? The best that I can say is, that on the underside of this exquisite group, the copper pales to tawny, and then, on the lower wings, and even at the tips of the upper ones, all shades of tender green, blue-green, grey-green, dim golden-green unfold themselves, and that these are sometimes "washed" with transparent silver and sometimes strongly inset with silver (real silver, not just shining white) or mother o' pearl. In one variety of the Pearl-bordered Fritillary, the underneath of the upper wings remains a golden copper, with mists of brown and veinings of crimson, and the lower wings are almost apple-green, while round the silver plaques, a flush of deep crimson spreads. I think it is the Queen of Spain Fritillary that shows plaques of silver more definite than the others do, as definite as silver silk inset into fur. . .

I am now left with the Peacock and the two Admiral butterflies to speak of. The White Admiral is large and of a brown suffused very faintly with purple, eyed with black, and with the loveliest pattern of pure white plaques upon both wings. But close those wings, and you will see an amazing harmony of white, of tawny, and of delicate blue-grey—not that bright blue which the Large Copper has the tremendous

courage to place next door to the red-hot copper that names him, but the evanescent blue of tobacco-smoke. . . As for the Red Admiral, you all know him: I need but remind you that his sepia-brown deepens to black splashed with purest white, and that across upper wings and round the lower wings blazes the scarlet that earns him his name of the Red "Admirable," while underneath the black softens to blues and the brown to lilacs and the red to coral-pink.

The Peacock is an "obvious" butterfly; no one could help being intoxicated with its opulent splendour. Deep brownish red, dusted with deeper brown (yet here and there with daffodil); and, just when the marvellous rainbow "eyes" are about to appear at the tops of the wings, profound black velvety patches curve themselves so as to throw up the eyes into a dazzling radiance, and are themselves made the blacker by touches of vivid yellow close beside them. As for the eyes, I have said that they are "rainbow" rather than "peacock," though all the blue, green, purple fires of the peacock's tail smoulder within them. Even so, the underside of this butterfly is infinitely more rich than the gorgeous surface, but its glories are so dark—every brown, black, steely blues, faintest primrose seen *through* the heavy veils of shadow—that you might think at first it was merely a rough black.

One shouldn't allegorize too much, and certainly not moralize—but I must confess that I like sometimes to think of Purgatory as my chrysalis state! In consequence one is now a caterpillar, I suppose. Those absurd creatures have three pairs of true legs and several pairs of false ones, and, would you believe it, the real ones are practically no good for walking purposes. . . The creature heaves itself along on its false legs and holds on to objects with the real ones when it eats. . . But the real legs do become the butterfly's legs later on, and when the butterfly wants to walk, it uses them in a sedate manner. Poor mortal, who can't get along much by means of his powers of mystic intuition, in this world anyhow; he plods by means of a less than half-true knowledge. However, he can hang on, to feed, by means of faith-claws in his mind. . . And he can do queer things, such as changing his skin, which he does by tying himself down to something and then wriggling till the skin splits and he comes out nice and clean but very soft. . . He has to do it several times before he is satisfied. The White Admiral caterpillar does this amazingly—hanging head-

downwards, then curving himself up with head towards his stomach for three days, and then after a swing or two, stretching himself out, downwards, at full length. This splits the skin, which gradually shrinks upwards. How does he not fall at the last moment, when the skin comes right off? Just before it does so, in a flash he thrusts his hindmost legs out through another split and hooks them on to a point close to where his skin (with a tiny bit of itself still un-split) is hanging. Meanwhile he has puffed himself out into chrysalis-shape. In a new chrysalis, for a moment or two you can see the future wings, legs, and so forth, seemingly free: but no: a gum oozes out and sticks them into close-packed immobility. In this purgatorial nescience, immobilization, the living creature survives till the shell splits; out comes the butterfly, waits for a while in bewildered acquiescence, and then finds that mysterious juices have stolen through it till its wings have fully grown—and after another space, while the wings remain spread but motionless, it soars away. From all of which we may learn whatever it pleases us, and I hasten to add that there is another way of looking at Purgatory, and a very active one. Meanwhile, I like to think that in a wintry world, millions of caterpillars are warm in their silken huts, and millions of butterflies fast asleep, in hollow dusty trunks, in the unguessed crevices of life; and I like to say "Thank You" for all this.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

ADVENTURES WITH ST. ANTHONY

SOME months ago I had the good fortune to go wild-ghyll hunting with one of the most celebrated photographers in England.

This artist, whose camera is unique in more respects than one, had kindly consented to illustrate some work I was doing at the time on out-of-the-way places in Yorkshire. On a certain Saturday morning, therefore, we set out from West Burton in Wensleydale in the direction of Walden Beck, with the object of taking various studies of this exquisite little beck and eventually climbing over the watershed to Langstrothdale.

Everything went according to plan until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we were approaching the wilder part of the beck. So far, my elderly friend had insisted on carrying his own camera and tripod, but at this point I rashly persuaded him to allow *me* to carry the camera, so that he could more easily scramble over the rough walls and rocks by the beck-side. Realizing the precious nature of my burden, I need not emphasize the care with which I then negotiated the various obstacles *en route*: scaling fences and walls; fording the brawling beck, and ploughing through swamp and heather as circumspectly as a lady in patent-leather shoes. But as the afternoon wore on and the wildest part of the beck was still to explore, we decided to push on over a rough intervening stretch of about three miles without taking another view.

Eventually we reached a point where another photograph was essential and, with a feeling of enormous relief, I handed the camera back to its owner—and inventor. For, as I have already hinted, this was a camera in a thousand; not the kind of camera they sell in chemists' shops for a couple of pounds; nor yet the highly-scientific German variety, bristling with cunning gadgets that frighten ordinary men; but rather a *rara avis* among cameras; a camera, in short, without a peer or twin in the photographic world. And yet a more ramshackle-looking camera was never seen! I hope I am giving no professional secret away when I mention, for example, that one attachment was tied on with a piece of string and a more vital part was at the mercy of a worn

spring. I say *was*, deliberately, for when the expert took up his stand, this essential part was missing!

Imagine (if you can) my horror! For three rough moorland miles I had hugged that prize camera to my breast, barking my shins and wounding my hands on rocks and fences rather than let it suffer a scratch (though actually it had a hide like an elephant). And at the end of those three purgatorial miles, the *view-finder* was missing! And all the best scenery still to "take"! And the sun rushing down the western sky! And the last place where we had used the *view-finder*—three miles behind!

In vain my friend protested that it was his own fault—not, as I imagined, for allowing me to carry the camera but—for not clamping the *view-finder* securely to the frame with a new catch when it had worn loose some weeks before.

In vain I offered to go back on my hands and knees and search for it.

"That would be like looking for a needle in a haystack," he protested. But I knew that this particular *view-finder* was unique and probably irreplaceable, so I insisted on assuming the role of *View-finder Extraordinary*, and I went back—the whole three miles back, and back again; but the missing link was not to be found.

"Serves me right!, for not placing the affair at once in the hands of St. Anthony," who, as all good Catholics know, is the *Finder par excellence* of lost objects.

My friend, however, concealed his chagrin heroically and told me not to worry; but at the next (and last) pack-bridge, we mentioned the loss to a passer-by who introduced himself as "the husband of the schoolmistress of Waldendale." This gentlemen offered to let his lady's boys search for the *view-finder* during the following week. Disconsolate, we climbed over the steep "divide" where my friend took several blind "shots" in a waning light (and such is the excellence of his camera and the sleight of his hand that most of these came out perfectly and subsequently appeared in one of the best illustrated periodicals of the day).

But the search had taken some time and it was nearly 10 p.m. when we stumbled down to Starbottom—with all the edge off my appetite for the day.

The sequel was swift and surprising.

Three days later the *view-finder* was returned by post! The schoolboys had searched for it scout-wise and found it

and thoroughly deserved their reward. As my friend put it: "Imagine the *marvel* of finding a small inconspicuous object lost in a three-mile erratic tramp over rough trackless country . . . there was not one chance in ten thousand; but the boys found it about half-way back in wild grassland!"

Did *they* find it? For myself I cannot but think that St. Anthony (to whose attention I had meanwhile commended the matter) had more than a little to do with it, and, indeed, led them to the spot.

On our next expedition—this time to the Trough of Bowland country—I took with me an ordinary pocket-camera, leaving the artist to carry his own! From Dunsop Bridge we made our way up the ravine towards Whitendale. Beyond the last farm, the track leads through a lonely glen to the heart of the moors. On taking my second attempt, I was amazed to discover that the "shutter"-attachment of my camera was missing. This was more a nuisance than a calamity, but there was nothing else for it but to retrace our steps once more; though on this occasion it was only a matter of a quarter of a mile to the spot where I had previously used it.

Even so, it was not to be seen; but this time I made no mistake about invoking the help of my friendly saint immediately. And at once the missing object was discovered—under our noses!

Nothing else marred the serenity of the afternoon—beyond the fact that twice, in my excitement, I stumbled down the fellside, and once turned a complete somersault and nearly dislocated my neck. But such incidents are all part of the gentle art of tramping, and personally I enjoy them much more than taking "snaps." In due course, therefore, we returned by the sister-track on the opposite side of the stream to Middle-Knoll, reaching Dunsop Bridge at dusk.

It was only when we were driving home and I wanted to know the time that I began to be suspicious of having lost something else.

I groped for my watch—a gold hunter—which (to be precise) did not really belong to me at all, but had recently been loaned to me by a friend to whom I had complained that no wrist-watch ever kept time on me.

Grope as I might, the watch was not to be found. Systematically I searched through all my pockets, but it was

not there. Lest the sceptical should doubt this, I may add that, hating watchchains, I had carried the watch loose in my pocket—a tweed “patch”-pocket, and therefore inclined to be slippery!

It was too late to return up the ravine, and dusk and fatigue apart, I did not want to spoil my friend's outing again—or lose the last vestige of his respect by enlightening him on my new loss. When I reached home, however, forty miles away, I did three things. First of all, I notified St. Anthony of this really sensational loss. Next, I circularized the police of the Bowland district; and finally, I apprised the keeper who lives in the Whitendale ravine, giving him an exact plan of our route. For, obliging as St. Anthony is, it must not be forgotten that he only helps those who help themselves.

A week elapsed, and beyond formal acknowledgements from the police and the keeper, nothing happened. The following Saturday, therefore, I set out alone, in drenching rain, on the weary cross-country journey to Clitheroe; climbed the steep road over Waddington Fells (interviewing various village police on the line of march—all of whom had heard of the loss—but not, alas, of the watch); trudged up the Brennand valley over our previous track, looking in every likely and unlikely spot, without seeing the welcome gleam of gold; and finally reached the great hill of Middle Knoll which straddles the valley like a giant.

But when I looked over the rain-swept moors into the misty distance where we had wandered, my heart sank to my boots. . . . The lunacy of looking for a missing watch in that! It was not even as if we had kept to the straight path. To get the best views we had gone “mooning about” here, there and everywhere, and I had to retrace every step as far as I could remember them.

On the way up the ravine I met a shooting-party, and was told by the head-keeper that he and his men had been sweeping the moors for grouse for a week, but that no watch had been found. Drenched to the skin, I had half a mind to give up the wild-goose-chase there and then, and offer to pay the owner of the watch anything he pleased, rather than waste another hour. With a corps of those Waldendale scouts to help me, there might have been a chance, always assuming that no tramping vagrant or farm-labourer had found and pawned the watch at the next town.

And indeed, had it not been for my implicit confidence in St. Anthony, I should have swung round for home there and then; but as it was, I proceeded up the ravine at a maddeningly slow crawl and with my gaze on the ground and my spirits considerably below zero. A little ahead, I came to a spot that looked particularly familiar, and suddenly remembered that somewhere about there I had turned my second somersault.

Treading cautiously, I searched the thick bracken and ling (and how thick and wet ling can be!) without result. Then I climbed to the top of the bank (where I fell into the somersault) and said to myself: "I will search from here *downwards* and turn another somersault if St. Anthony require—but not another yard will I go further, watch or no watch." For I was now over forty miles from home and the light was failing.

But it was not necessary to turn another somersault; for there, at my feet, quite exposed, and bright and yellow as a marigold—lay my gold hunter (or rather, my friend's gold hunter!) forlorn but friendly!

Eagerly I picked it up and was delighted to find that it was apparently none the worse for its week's exposure (it was an old watch and they knew how to make a watchcase weatherproof in those days!). It had stopped at 12.16, and I felt more than half inclined to throw a somersault then and there out of sheer exuberance of spirits and gratitude to St. Anthony as I wound up the watch and heard it lustily ticking.

The loss was due to carelessness without doubt; the finding you may call luck, if you please; but for my part, I am prepared to take all the blame for the loss so long as the credit for the finding goes to St. Anthony, who certainly surpassed himself on that occasion.

On my return I informed the police of the discovery, who should certainly make St. Anthony an honorary member of the C.I.D., or *Civil Investigation Department*, and it gave me a good deal of satisfaction to relate the whole incident afterwards to the man who owned the watch and the artist who owned the camera.

ALFRED J. BROWN.

PASTORAL ROME

ROME the eternal has many aspects, real and imaginary, provoking admiration, love, interest, scorn, hatred. One only I select, not often considered—the Rome of the parish priest: the real, the ultimate Rome.

You may first come across this Rome in the stillness of the Appian Way in winter, where the sad, grey tombs look pathetically for Christian Revelation. You may find her also in certain parts of the old City, in the Forum and on the Palatine. In the catacombs we find her beginning to come to life. She bursts into vigour down in those tombs when living Roman priests still carry on the eternal spirit of the Liturgy, reviving processions and litanies round the shrines of the martyrs. The fire kindled here spreads throughout basilicas and churches, is to be found warm and comforting amongst the poor, in boys' clubs, and in every kind of pastoral work. Old Rome, eternal Rome, is alive in her apostolic clergy.

Rome from the days of Numa has always been sacerdotal, and surely one of the truest things in "Marius the Epicurean" is the succession shown between the new religion and the old. The new religion, coming from Palestine with its wealth of Divine teaching, substantially complete, descended on Rome, like the new Jerusalem coming down to earth, and received in dower the old forms and fashions of Roman worship. The religion of Numa had by then been well-nigh forgotten. Cosmopolis, as Rome had become, was a mass of strange creeds and superstitions. "Mistress of errors," St. Leo was to call her. Greek jostled Oriental, and Isis vied with Cybele. But the old Etruscan gravity was not quite dead. It was to be saved to inform the rites and liturgical piety of the new doctrine.

Clothed in this garment, Christianity emerged after the persecutions. True, the Catholic Church was and is something much bigger than Rome, was and is adaptable, without prejudice to the purity of doctrine guarded by the Roman Pontiff, to every variant race and civilization. But, for the greater portion of her services, for the official side of her work, she took to herself the eminently sober spirit which she found in the seat of her earthly ruler. And it cannot be said that that spirit or ethos has played her false, for, in so

far as perfection can be expected in things human, it has proved the best and surest means for the ordering of the Church, for the expression of her genius.

England, which owes her civilization and her quondam-Christianity to Rome, has worked out her destiny at too great a distance to be permanently impressed by the Roman "gravitas" and, since her breach with Catholicism, has naturally been less under its influence. The English temperament, moulded and swayed by Protestantism, has developed along its own peculiar lines widely different from those of Rome.

Yet, apart from the fact that there are affinities between the two, there is nothing characteristic of the English genius which could not be readily brought into harmony with Catholic culture as present essentially in the heart of Rome.

What now is this essence? Usually it is taken to be power, majesty, government. "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento." That is so, but we must look deeper into the Roman genius for the basis of this capacity. There is the Roman spirit itself,—the gravity, the "pietas," the sense of justice and of tolerance on which the influence of Rome is based. This quality is certainly not brilliance, but it is genius of a kind. It is wisdom, and it knows how to use brilliance. Its tolerance is not of the kind which masquerades as indifference. It is a combination of prudence and patience which waits on the test of time and accepts only that which has stood that test, valuing above itself that which it exists to guard. Also it is fair, seeking good everywhere, and ready to listen to every side of a case. As we read in the Books of the Maccabees, these Roman qualities were known and well appreciated by the Jews. The East was impressed by the traditional Roman reverence, so well described in "Marius." The religion of Numa, with its apparatus of pontiffs, augurs, flamens and vestals, was nevertheless unfertile, but it afforded a soil prepared to receive the Word, owing to the reserves of simplicity and devotion which had survived the imperial growth of the great conquering State. And so, early, very early, before Peter had come there, a Christian community was flourishing at Rome, whereof, later on, even the exacting Apostle of the Gentiles found himself obliged to commemorate the general esteem.

Perhaps it was in the Roman simplicity and absence of pretence that Christianity found its special support. The world of the Empire, like that of our day, was suffering from

over-civilization. The finer souls therein were sick of vanity, bemused by unreality. Ever must unregenerate man try to grope his way back to the real, and true, to undo the "progress" which materially he has achieved. When Christianity began, sophisticated Greeks shrugged their shoulders at the preaching of St. Paul; the official Roman world murmured lazily, "We will hear thee again on this matter." The educated "cared for none of these things." When the Cross was proclaimed as the means of salvation, the effeminate philosophers shuddered and were frankly scandalized. Why? Because they were unreal, and here was stark Reality.

These men of the later Roman culture, overlain with the dross of the world they ruled, had lost contact with Nature and the God which it proclaimed, with elemental life, with the woods and the lonely mystery of the sea, and the wind sweeping over the plains, or the pregnant stillness of the earth in their own Campagna. But the older Rome lived still, quiet and rather despised, yet truly destined to be eternal. "White Nights" was a fact. Pater has thrown the veil of his affectation over Marius's world, but he points to a great reality. Marius had never lost contact with Nature, with the simplicity of the earth crying for God. The boy had been brought up in the grave Alban country, where even Horace pointed to what lay beneath the joys of springtime and of Falernian wine in winter. Moreover, Marius enjoyed the completion of country joys in a pure and sobering natural religion, sad and blind perhaps, yet deeply conscious of the sacredness of earth and season. The quiet and the reverence of such a religion, mingled with the healthy and primitive scents of Latium, set the boy on a path which was ultimately to lead him to the catacombs of Caecilius.

To this day the Roman stillness and sanctity of earth can be felt in the Campagna and in the hills around. Nature there, as everywhere, when she is free of villas as of petrol pumps, speaks the language of God to the attentive soul. But she does this differently in different places. Not here is the romantic rush of Northern apprehension, not "the feeling infinite" of a Wordsworth at Tintern, not the ascetic cry from the Libyan desert, nor the intense desire of mountainous Spain, nor the languid surmise of Southern seas; not with these does Rome meet her God. To her He comes in her own stark stillness, and she may be pardoned for thinking that it is His favourite approach. Why else should her soil always have been so sacred a thing? Why from

time immemorial was the holy fire her first concern? Why, even in the plurality of her gods did she jealously guard the purity and the sanctity of the One? Why else but because she had, by nature and in part, what Israel had fully from above, the sense of Divine Reality, the consciousness of That in which and for which the earth and its fullness exist? Hardly did she apprehend the Divine personality; unlike favoured Israel, she worshipped what she knew not, for salvation was still of the Jews. But within her dark womb lay the seeds of a great and spiritual devotion, which was so wondrously to flourish in its time.

Rome's outstanding defect was, we may say, her excessive legalism. The old Roman religion was a tangle of casuistry. But under this there lay the deep sense of moral obligation in which the freer and more mystical creeds, which flourished under her later tolerance, were sadly lacking. Roman legalism was to be utilized and relegated to its due but secondary place by Christianity. The sadness of Latium, the sense of the supernatural as of dim ghosts flitting about their old homes, was to be enlightened and enriched by Revelation. And so the spirit of Rome emerged from the purifying night of the catacombs, from the arena and the prison, with its sober and rich Liturgy, which to this day, though it has become world-wide, can nowhere be so well appraised as in its own cradle. Many a lover of old Rome and of "Marius" looks regretfully round amongst the broken temples and the desolate Campagna for the fascinating world which he has seen through his books. Modern civilization may seem to him very drab and small beside a world which, with all its vice, was so far more obviously in search of the Divine, whom it sought after "if haply it might find Him." Gone now is the temple of Vesta; gone the quiet retreat in the hills where Asclepius was wont to visit his votaries by night; gone the schools of thought, the groves, the Academe, where white-robed philosophers with their happy blend of bodily health and spiritual earnestness lectured to eager youth. Nowadays, eager youth is taught a higher and truer doctrine, but in what different, unpicturesque surroundings! Still, for those who have eyes to see, the spirit of old Rome may still be caught in its old habitation; of a greater Rome indeed than that of the philosophers; the Rome of the very wisest, of the martyred saints who saw the truest and only wisdom in the folly of the Cross. For it was the Cross that lifted that old natural sacramental religion into something higher. To

the Cross at last Marius must come. That is the test. At its foot must break down whatever is affected in the old philosophy, whatever is pagan in the old morality. There alone is naked Reality, that which underlies the travail of the earth, her moods and her ills, the paradox of life, the simplicity of Divine wisdom.

When the wind moaned across the Campagna, telling of bygone spirits and of the old God-seeking world, I have gone to a little chapel where Mass is said amid the ruins of an old villa. There, when the peasants sing the Latin round the priest at the altar, I have seen the old Rome, serene, grave, practical; but changed, lightened, transfused with hope and holy joy. "*Laetare Jerusalem, et conventum facite, omnes qui diligitis eam.*"

But it is yet nearer the City that I would go to discover anew the old Roman spirit in its integrity. In the Papal Court there are high officials, men of true ancient "*pietas*," who spend all the free time their duties leave them amongst the poor, in the basilicas, in the catacombs, fanning the flame the old priests lit and could not keep alive. These men, modern St. Philips, have like him found the keystone of Roman sanctity and devotion in the ancient Rome, in the catacombs. In the liturgical revival which marks our times, Rome should surely occupy a first place. And it is in the Liturgy, in a wise blending of archæology and intelligent piety, that these good priests have successfully sought to restore all things in Christ. The Romans respond well to their zeal, for they have not lost the old tradition; they are eminently suited to the piety born of their City. And you may see them in procession, carrying tapers, through the dark galleries of the catacombs, assisting at Mass there. Or, again, a guild of boys of all classes, united in honour of St. Tarcisius, Sunday by Sunday, in a miniature basilica of their own. Nor is this an artificial, a purely æsthetic revival, destined to go the way of others. The spirit everywhere lives and thrives in its appropriate forms, and in Rome religion must be Roman. So we see that sober yet tender Rome coming to the surface again throughout history, beneath the varied disguises she has oft assumed, in the religious revival of the twentieth century. To those familiar with the Roman Missal and Breviary, this is half known already. To those who know Rome only materially, apart from her Liturgy, it is known less than half. In the two together is Rome alone fully manifest, the Rome of Numa,

the Rome, above all, of Cecilia and Sebastian, the Rome of St. Philip.

Rome is indeed the Eternal City, the lasting home of hearts. The mighty Dome over St. Peter's tomb stands for more than its own world, for more than Michelangelo and the modern Rome of the Counter-Reformation, of a re-trenched though great Catholicism, seen and much misunderstood by John Inglesant. It stands for the whole grand Reality that would embrace the world, the Thing which has descended on the City with the Apostles, claiming all men for Christ, waiting with unequalled patience for historical accidents to readjust themselves, for men to return from the great catastrophe, nay, from their daily catastrophes, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd.

"Hinc sacerdotii unitas exoritur, hinc una fides toto mundo refulget."

Out in the Campagna beyond lies the wild Rome of Nature, the same as Marius knew her, where the sanctity of simple country life still imposes itself on the simple of heart, and leads back again to the far-off Dome on the horizon, and to the great task for which Rome was chosen.

So many names arise before one here, every spot thronged with memories of the sages and men of antiquity; Plotinus entering the City wearily along the Appian Way; Cicero, Seneca, Aurelius; yet above all are the greater Twin Brethren, greater truly, St. Leo says, than those, whereof one founded Rome in the blood of the other, the great Apostle Princes who, by a very physical transmission, live to-day in the City through their apostolic sons.

Peter and Paul, and through them back to Christ, this, I thought, is the secret of Rome, as I heard the old priest's radiant Mass in the catacombs, the Mass of an apostle, almost of an angel. What that Mass meant to him was known only to those who saw him day by day "going about doing good," through the sacred streets of Rome, imparting a holy joy and enthusiasm for things Divine, for sane Christian tradition, and for the spirit of his beloved City, which rendered religion and goodness irresistible. Now he goes to his reward; but I shall not forget his Mass, said as only a Roman can say it, unrivalled (in its fire) by any I have heard elsewhere.

Here, indeed, is the seat of the Apostles, here the threshold of their Kingdom, here the fullness of their Faith.

ALFONSO DE ZULUETA.

ENGLISH-MARYLAND CATHOLICS IN KENTUCKY

ONE crisp October morning, more than thirty years ago, the author of this sketch, then a student for the priesthood, was walking with some companions through a deserted field in Maryland. My feet brushed against what appeared to be a tuft of tall, dried grass, and at once I caught the sweet odour of a plant that was familiar to me. The leaf was brownish and had the smell of rich tea. It was sometimes used in Kentucky to give an aroma to smoking tobacco. "Do you know what we call this in Kentucky?" I asked of my companions, and, answering my own question, I gave the name—"Life everlasting." But I could offer no explanation of the curious name. Further on, during the same ramble, we met a stranger carrying a bundle of the same plant. "Pardon me," I said, "but what is that you have under your arm?" "Life everlasting," came the quick reply. So the Maryland name was identical with that in use in Kentucky.

On consulting a botany book later, I found that the plant in question belonged to the *gnaphalium* group of *immortelles*, because it retains both the colour and shape of its flower after it is dry. Thus I became convinced that the good Catholic people of Maryland, finding the genus called "everlasting," had added the word "Life" so as to form the familiar religious phrase, and that my own progenitors had, as civilization moved west, carried the word from Maryland to Kentucky.

My three years of experience in Maryland convinced me that many of the terms and customs familiar to my boyhood in Kentucky were brought from Maryland by the early settlers who found homes in and around Bardstown, about forty miles south of Louisville. The loom and spinning wheel which I saw in Kentucky homes came from Maryland. "Apple-butter" and "peach-leather" and "spiles" for catching the sap of maple trees, and "trot lines" for fishing were colloquial phrases of the people, and could be traced back to Maryland. For three successive summers I spent happy vacation days down in old St. Mary's County, Maryland, and walked over the ground made sacred by the land-

ing of the Pilgrims in 1634. Into the homes I went and listened to the words and phrases peculiar to this section of the State; and in every conversation I could trace back to Maryland many of the expressions of my boyhood in Kentucky. I give these personal experiences to point out the connection between Catholic Maryland and the early Catholic settlement in Kentucky.

It is not my intention to rehearse the trials and achievements of those English Pilgrims who in 1634 founded the Palatinate of Maryland in the Western World. But I would take the reader with me a thousand miles from the Atlantic sea-board of Colonial America into the unclaimed wilderness along the southern bank of the Ohio River;—not, indeed, to touch on the picturesque story of the American frontiersman, but rather to depict the part played by a group of English-Maryland Catholics in founding a Catholic settlement in north central Kentucky, about forty miles south of the present city of Louisville.

For nearly two centuries after the foundation of Maryland, the Catholic settlers battled bravely for the principles of religious liberty and suffered hardships closely paralleled by those endured for Catholicism at home. Even after the close of the Revolutionary War, the advantages of religion and the privileges of education were denied them. Then came the reports of the rich lands beyond the Alleghany Mountains, south of the Ohio River. It took brave hearts to penetrate the mysterious gloom of the untouched forests of giant tulip trees. But once before the English Catholics had left their homes for the rights of conscience, and they were ready again to sacrifice all for the same glorious purpose.

Accordingly about 1784 a little band of Catholics in Maryland sold their lands and homes, put their furniture in ox-carts and stout wagons, and turned their faces towards the West. Over the scarcely traceable roads of Maryland and Pennsylvania they trudged, until they reached the site of the present city of Pittsburg. Here they bought rafts and drifted down the Ohio River to the Falls, where now is located the city of Louisville. Then it was a struggling frontier town where emigrants paused to portage around the shallow waters. Carts and wagons were unloaded, and over forest trails beneath shadows of lofty poplar, hickory, beech, and oak trees went the pilgrims. The location was west of the famous Blue Grass region of the State, and the soil

was not as good as agents had represented it; but it was home.

Before twenty-five years had passed, that is in 1808, Bardstown, the centre of Catholic activity, was made a bishopric,—the first bishop being the saintly Flaget. Eight years later (1816) the corner-stone of the new Cathedral was laid. It was the first Cathedral in that vast stretch of land from Philadelphia to the Pacific Ocean, nearly three thousand miles.

Just why Bardstown should have been chosen for a settlement is now an enigma. Perhaps the cool springs which gushed out from the limestone cliff enticed the first settlers to build their log cabins nearby; perhaps the cliff, like a mighty rampart, offered shelter and protection from the Indians. Even to-day one of the streets of the little town runs sheer over the impending bluff leading to the spring below. There were other springs in abundance which fed a small stream and afforded water power for a grist mill. Later on in its history the town boasted the title of the "Athens of the West." It had a college and three academies. Two papers were published there, *The Minerva* and the *Catholic Advocate*. The ablest lawyers pleaded at its bar, and John Fitch, the forerunner of Fulton in the invention of the steamboat, was one of its distinguished citizens. While visiting the old residence of John Rowan, Foster, that writer of popular songs, composed the familiar, "My Old Kentucky Home."

Such was Bardstown, which despite its isolated position thrived and prospered for more than half a century. It became the nucleus around which centred the Catholic settlements of the West. To Bardstown, Bishop Carroll looked when, in 1808, he proposed to erect a See for the vast stretch of country west of the Alleghanies. Like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia before it, Bardstown was chosen as a site for a future bishopric. What an honour for the little town! But in its future growth it did not emulate the others. It has remained but a small town, although in its time it held under its episcopal sway the extensive territory from the Alleghanies to the far-rolling Prairies beyond the Mississippi. Its glory has long since departed, but the old Cathedral which it erected in its prime, still stands, a beautiful and historic monument.

Soon the diocese had its own seminary and two colleges,

St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, and St. Mary's College five miles from the present city of Lebanon. Later came a band of Trappist monks, who for years had a college for boys. In this small Catholic settlement three separate communities for women were founded,—The Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, the Sisters of Loretto, and the Dominican Sisters. By far the greater number of novices who entered these communities were from the homes of the English-Maryland settlers in Kentucky. The three Sisterhoods exist to-day, and have branches from the Atlantic ocean to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

Following the first settlers, 1787, came an Irish Franciscan, Father Whelan. His scattered flock embraced not only the Maryland Catholics, but Irish settlers who had crossed the mountains with the flow of emigration. Among the other noted missionaries were Father Charles Nerinckx (1805) and Father Badin. The Dominican Fathers arrived in 1806, and at once built a brick church and opened up a novitiate and college. Under the guidance of Fathers Fenwick and Wilson, they did much to preserve and increase the Catholic population of the State.

The seminary from its beginning until 1819 gave eleven priests to the Missions. It was under the direction of the learned Father David, who was consecrated coadjutor Bishop in 1819. After his Cathedral was finished, Bishop Flaget could write to his friends in Europe that he had a complete and well organized diocese,—a seminary, colleges and academies, religious communities, an orphan asylum, and well-established parishes with a growing native clergy. The services in the Cathedral could vie in beauty and completeness with those of the Cathedrals of the Old World.

We shall ask our readers to join us in spirit and to witness what a visitor saw in the old Cathedral of Bardstown on a Christmas morning more than a hundred years ago. The account was published in the *South Carolina Miscellany* in 1824:

The crowds I found around the church, at one o'clock at night, gave me an anticipated idea of the greatness of the solemnity. Scarcely had the doors been opened at half-past two, when every pew and seat and place were occupied. The singing of the church delighted me, and the view of the clergy in choir dress, together with the brilliancy of the illuminations, perfectly made present

to my mind the night when the angels, surrounded with heavenly splendour, sang the joyous hymns of peace to men and glory to God. You will certainly imagine that I exaggerate, but I pledge you my honour I was never transported out of myself as on that occasion. The three lustres that hang from the ceiling, the two placed at the extremities of the high altar, the four candles in the form of semicircle burning in the space between the crucifix and the wall, the two triangular rows of lights on each side of the altar, the triple semicircular row on each window, with candles around the windows and the other parts of the church, diffused throughout the building the greatest splendour. The Bishop's chair assumed a new appearance, conformable to the general magnificence of the festival. A purple canopy with some other ornaments served to render it worthy of the august personage that filled it. On the opposite side sat his coadjutor who officiated dressed in sacred robes which, I think, could scarcely be equalled by any this side of the Atlantic. The solemn rites of the Holy Sacrifice performed with the air of the most unfeigned piety; the accompaniment of a large organ to the numerous choir that sang the divine praises; the zealous discourse of the college president; and above all the vast number of communicants, perhaps not less than two hundred at the first Mass, together with the illuminations, concourse and other particulars already mentioned, produced in me the most extraordinary sensations. I believe that in few churches could I have witnessed the beautiful ceremonies that I witnessed that Christmas morning in that backwoods Cathedral.

I believe that the Catholics of England will be interested in this short account of the work of the English-Maryland Catholics in Kentucky. In the United States committees are being formed for the celebration of the third centennial of the foundation of Catholic Maryland in 1934. When the bells are ringing along the waters of the Potomac and Chesapeake, the bell of the old Cathedral of Bardstown will peal forth its notes of gladness and the Catholics of Kentucky will join with thanksgiving to God who has blessed them and their children.

HENRY S. SPALDING.

A QUESTION OF LIBERTY

THE lay-Brother opened the great door. Herbert was a little troubled at finding himself the only male visitor. At that kind of show place there were generally quite a lot of you, and you didn't have to bother; but it happened that there was nobody but them. He asked if he could see over the monastery. Yes, he could. And was there any harm in the wife sitting on one of the seats outside? The lay-Brother smiled. Of course not. But she could sit in the waiting-room if she liked; the wind was rather cold.

Molly was not sure she would go indoors. She hadn't thought they really ought to come. Indeed, she wouldn't have come, in a general way, if only the weather had been decent. It had been such a business scraping up enough money to go away this year; and she had reckoned on its being warm and so she hadn't anything but thin frocks. But it wasn't warm, although the sun shone and made you think every morning you were going to be comfortable. It quite put going on the "charas" out of the question, though she had tried to pretend it wasn't cold really. So it was nice to do this outing, where they could sit inside the bus until they got there. It was the nice gentleman they met on the front who told them about it. At least, he was fairly nice, only he winked at Herbert in a way she didn't quite like. He was rather like Mr. Warmsly, the deacon at the chapel, to look at; only of course Mr. Warmsly didn't wink, and *he* wouldn't have said, "They make some pretty good tippie in there. But don't you worry, they won't let him get at it." However, Herbert didn't much care for that sort of people and wasn't likely to make bad friends so long as she was about to take care of him. So they had come. The gentleman like Mr. Warmsly had said that lots of people went over the monastery. "I don't like you going in all by yourself," she said, when Herbert went back from the door to ask her about the waiting-room. "Catch anyone keeping me where I don't want to stay!" he said soothingly, and anyhow it would be silly not to see what they could now they had come. Herbert disappeared through the door, and the door was shut.

Of course it was all very superstitious, but he couldn't see anything positively wrong. He didn't, indeed, see any of the monks; but it didn't look as if they could have much fun—not the sort of fun he had read about in one or two books about monks. And it did oppress him. Fancy stopping in there all your life! Not but what the little houses weren't nice enough: he wouldn't mind having one of them himself. He would be able to have some place to put his things without having to move every time Molly wanted to do anything; and they'd be more cramped still later on, when the baby came. Still, it'd be awful to have to be alone all day like that. "I can't say I hold with all this," he told the lay-Brother, who seemed friendly enough to risk it on. "What use are they? Why can't they go out and do some good to somebody and enjoy themselves now and then? Where's the harm? I'm all for a respectable life myself, and we're what you'd call religious—the wife and me, I mean; but I don't see why a man should give up his liberty like this. It doesn't seem Christian. More like fakirs." The lay-Brother said it would take a long time to explain the whole thing; there was a little book he could get at the door, which might help him to understand. But at any rate, as Herbert was religious, he must believe that it was right to do what God asked you to do, and God asked some people to do this, just as He asked others to marry or go on foreign missions. Herbert saw that right enough, he said. But what was it the Bible said? "Love, joy, peace." Their minister always said that religion should be joyful and free. Free, that was it. Why should a man give up his liberty? It wasn't right, and you could do what God wanted well enough and keep the liberty you had.

It was funny, he thought, how superstition and the priests could make people so blind as not to see that. And so he told Molly, when he found her looking at an album in the room outside the gate. She was not very interested. "You *have* been a time!" she said irritably. It had been dull in the waiting-room and she hadn't cared for the books provided in it. Her mind had been running back and forth over anxieties always held only just out of sight during the holiday, always ready to overrun empty ground. She was always moody, and Herbert came out to a changed Molly. He had left the rare Molly of Southhaven, but it was the Molly of Clapham who was waiting for him. It was one of those

changes that are caused by a number of small unnoticed things that are only realized even by the subject of them when the process is complete and the mood achieved. Herbert was used to them in his wife; but he never quite discovered, for all his patient affection, what was the best way to take them. Perhaps there wasn't any best way.

He dropped his theories at once and tried a cheerful note. "Well, I've escaped all right, you see! Spite of the desirable residences and all." It was not very successful. "We oughtn't to have stayed so long," she said. "There isn't a bus for another hour and I've got lots to do, and you know we can't afford to have anything out." "Oh, that'll be all right. We'll make Mrs. Champion take something off for it. And whatever have you got to do? There's another day. Come along, Moll."

They turned up towards the village, he determinedly cheerful, she in the lull of nervous irritability when one perfectly good grievance has been disposed of and another has not been found. "It's a big place, that," he said, casting round for something to take her mind off her troubles. "They've all got little houses to themselves." It was not a fortunate opening. "They *would* have!" his wife said bitterly. "Trust them to look after themselves! It's people like us that . . . Bert, can't we get out of those awful rooms soon? You don't know what it's like being there all the time. It's different for you, you're away all day."

Bert worked in a cellar under perpetual electric light. He remembered suddenly the immense joy of the streets at lunch time, the air and the sun, or the clean rain. He agreed that it wasn't nearly so bad for him. "But I thought it would be better after we got the gas ring," he said.

"You can't do much over the gas. I've got to go into the kitchen for lots of things, and that woman upstairs is in it from morning till night. She seems to live in it. And it'll be worse when baby comes. I won't be able to go to the Pictures for ever so long, and that's the only change I get. We've just got to do it soon, if we're going at all." He tried to keep in his voice the confidence that so failed in his heart. "Well, we must see what we can do."

Bread and cheese, with some milk for Molly, put an end to it for the time, and when they got on the bus Molly was chattering about the landlady's daughter's clothes as if it had been quite a successful outing. But Bert was having

more trouble. There were thoughts that went on all the time whatever he was saying: like the toothache, which you can't altogether forget, though you may be doing all sorts of things and not showing it a bit. They were not very pleasant thoughts. When your one idea is to make someone happy, and they want something you can't give them, what do you do? Why, say so, of course! But then that wouldn't do just now. He wasn't any too sure about his job, and it would never do for Molly to know that, as things were. He was fairly used to this particular anxiety and he had learnt how to keep it in the background. It was easy in daytime. When it came to the night, it was another thing altogether.

Usually he liked night time. Molly always fell asleep almost at once, like a baby or a kitten, and he would lie very still, thinking. That, in a secret corner of his mind, was always *his* time, the only time he really had to himself, the only time he really was himself. He would not have put it so in words; it would have seemed somehow disloyal. Yet there it was, and during the day he would put all sorts of things aside for the quiet, private darkness. It was good to feel Molly beside him and hear her soft breathing; but it was good to be alone for a bit. It pulled you together and gave you a fresh start. Sometimes he was so tired that he fell asleep at once, and then it felt just as if there had been no break between two days, as if he had been caught in the middle of a great crowd, his ears ceaselessly filled with confused noises. And there were the bad nights, when the stolen privacy was invaded and all the worries of ordinary life came in a rush and forced the insecure barriers of his mind. Then there was no rest in it at all. He was in a cage, not less strong for being invisible and intangible; and round it he would go, over the same ground again and again, in an endless weariness of bewilderment and worry. Into such a night that day was prolonged.

He started with the visit to the monastery, which he had not had any chance of thinking over before. It was a queer place and no mistake. It was so funny to think of all those people in that silent place, so different, and so near the great seaside town where he was lying. They got up in the night, he had been told. What would they be doing? It must be nice, once in a way, to get up like that when everyone else was asleep, and have the whole world to yourself. Once in

a way, but he wouldn't care to do it every night. That'd be a bit too much of a good thing! Fancy getting in there and knowing that you'd have to go on doing the same sort of thing till you died! Anyway, there'd be no unemployment problem.

The thought brought on him the cold contraction of fear that he knew so well. Suppose they had to sack more men at the office? What in the world would he do? There was no getting away from it; it might come. They were all afraid of it. Things had been very quiet lately. On the other hand, things might look up before it came to that. That chap who was in just before he came away said they were certain to do better in the autumn. But then *he* wasn't married. And if you did get out of a job these days, there was no knowing when you'd get another. The only thing was to go on, and keep your eyes open; that's what the manager had said. But what exactly did keeping your eyes open mean? If he heard of anything else, he would go after it, of course; perhaps that was all it meant. Still, it left him with a sick feeling that there was something he would be doing if he had any sense, though he couldn't make out what it was. Then, even if the job didn't come to an end, there was the bother about their rooms. Rooms were so awfully dear. They could get another two somewhere else, but that wouldn't help. They must have at least three, he supposed, if Molly was to be comfortable. Could he run to it? His thoughts flowed into a long calculation, a long mental survey of clothes. That blue suit of his wouldn't go another winter. Molly had had to turn the sleeves already and they were too short now and not quite the same length. It would never do to get shabby-looking at the office. How was it some of the chaps managed to keep so smart? They must spend every penny on their clothes. And they didn't mind running into debt, some of them. He didn't know how they kept so cheerful about it. He'd be worried out of his life. Of course having a family made all the difference. They never seemed to bother about the future, while he was always worrying about what might happen next. He supposed he ought not to worry like this. "Sufficient unto the day," the Bible said. It almost seemed as if he was all wrong and the other careless kind of chaps were right. That couldn't be, surely? Wherever would Molly be if he just got whatever he fancied and borrowed

everywhere? And there'd soon be another to look after as well. There must be something wrong somewhere. There were some things in the Bible that didn't work in ordinary life. There was that text about turning the other cheek, for instance. You didn't meet many chaps in business who would do that. Anyhow he couldn't go on worrying about it now. He must try to go to sleep. If he didn't, he'd be ever so tired to-morrow, and he mustn't spoil the last day of the holidays. It wasn't any good either. What could he do? He couldn't alter the state of the country. He hadn't any money to start out on his own. He couldn't make them keep him on. Caught, fairly caught, that's what he was! What was the good of it all? What a mess it all was!

He forced his mind back to the past day, so as to stop the racing of his anxious thoughts. That monastery was a peaceful sort of place. It didn't look as if there was much worry there. No rush, no fighting along to keep your head above water. It was like a different world. Well, there was that much gain about it; there was no denying that. But what a way to spend your life! He remembered with satisfaction what he had said to the old man who showed him round: it doesn't seem right, it isn't Christian, to give up your liberty like this. Yes, he had certainly hit it that time. It was no better than slavery: couldn't do what you liked; couldn't go out when you wanted to; didn't have any say in what happened to you; couldn't move if you got fed up with the place. A man wanted his liberty. Suddenly his thought swung back on him. What price liberty? Fat lot of liberty *he* had! If you were very rich you could have some, but nobody else did. What a life!

The streets had fallen silent, and the steps of a solitary walker sounded loud, coming nearer and nearer. Then they faded into distance, and the great town was still. Far away from "Sea View" little waves lapped against the struts of the long pier. A cock crowed faintly, tricked by the moon. Under the downs a rabbit screamed in terror of the stoat. In the back bedroom of the fourth floor of "Sea View" Herbert lay awhile longer, and then he too fell asleep.

A. E. H. SWINSTEAD.

MORE SEEING WITHOUT EYES

THE case of Mollie Fancher, of which an account has been given in recent numbers of *THE MONTH*, is not an isolated one. So far at least as certain features are concerned we can appeal to many parallels, and while some of these may reasonably fail to convince because they are insufficiently attested, others are based upon evidence which offers no loophole for scepticism. At the very time that Mollie Fancher, in Brooklyn, U.S.A., was astonishing the small circle of friends who were admitted to her sick room by her accurate description of objects and colours which she had no eyes to see, a certain Mrs. Croad in the West of England was causing similar embarrassment to her medical attendants and to quite a number of people acquainted with her history. Like Miss Fancher, Mrs. Croad, also, was a paralytic who had been bed-ridden for many years. She was born in 1840. Without very much education or any pretensions to gentility she belonged to respectable people who were in fairly comfortable circumstances and were regular chapel-goers. We learn that in her 'teens she had fits which were possibly epileptic, but which do not seem to have given occasion for any grave anxiety. She married at nineteen, and this union, with a mate or captain in the merchant service, appears to have been a happy one. But not long afterwards she was subjected to a series of mental and physical shocks, which in the end contributed to bring about pathological conditions of a very distressing kind. The trouble began with a very bad fall in which it is said that the spine was injured, and which was followed after a short interval by the recurrence of frequent epileptic seizures. Then she lost her child who by some accident was scalded to death. Finally, she had a second bad fall down some steps, the mischief being complicated by the effort she made to save an infant whom she happened to be carrying in her arms at the time. These distressing accidents occurred in 1864, and, paralysis supervening, in 1866 she became bed-ridden, remaining in this condition until 1880, when she removed to Bristol and came under the observation of Dr. J. G. Davey. His medical description of the case, published in the "*Journal of Psychological Medicine*," runs as follows:

In 1870, it is stated, Mrs. Croad became totally blind, in the

following year deaf, and in 1874 speechless. The paralysis which was limited to the lower extremities, involved, in 1879, the upper limbs; but at this time [he was writing early in 1881] the loss of sensation and motion is limited to the left arm, the fingers and thumb of the left hand being but partially affected. The right hand and arm have recovered their once-lost functions. She is now able to articulate, though with difficulty, from, as it appears to me, a tetanic rigidity of the temporal and masseter muscles, by which the mouth is kept, to a large extent, fixed and closed. It was in October last [*i.e.*, October 1880] that I was asked to see Mrs. Croad. I found her sitting in a semi-recumbent position in a small bedstead, her head and shoulders resting on pillows. The eyelids were fast closed, and the left arm and hand resting by the side. The knees I found then, as they are still, bent at an acute angle, the heels closely pressed to the under part of the thighs.¹

In this, of course, there was nothing unusual. Similar cases may be found by the score in every hospital for functional nervous disorders. But from Swindon and other places where the patient had resided since her invalid condition had become permanent strange things were reported of Mrs. Croad's abnormal powers of perception in spite of her blindness and closed eyelids. It was this which had interested Dr. Davey in the case and which led to the publication of this detailed report in a specialist journal of high standing. The reader will, I trust, pardon a somewhat long quotation. Dr. Davey goes on:

Since October, and through the months of November and December, 1880, I have subjected Mrs. Croad to many and various tests with the view of satisfying myself as to the truth or otherwise of the statements given to the world of her blindness, sense of touch, and marvellous sympathies. To my near neighbours—Drs. Andrews and Elliot—I am much indebted. The various tests referred to were witnessed by them in my presence, and with the effect of assuring us that she (Mrs. Croad) was and is enabled to perceive, through the aid only of touch, the various objects, both large and small, on any given card or photograph. After an experience extending over some nine or ten weeks, during which the "tests" were many times repeated, and, now and then, in the presence of several medical and non-medical (ladies and gentlemen) friends, there remained (I believe) not the least doubt of this "transference of sense" from the eyes of

¹ "The Journal of Psychological Medicine," Vol. VII., Part I. (April, 1881), p. 39.

Mrs. Croad to her fingers and the palm of her right hand. It need not be supposed that I and others were content to believe in Mrs. Croad's blindness, and to take no specific precautions against any possible trick or deception—far from this. On solicitation, she very kindly assented to be blindfolded, after a very decided fashion; and so blindfolded, that neither deception on her part nor prejudice nor false judgment on ours were—either the one or the other—possible. The blindfolding was accomplished thus: a pad of cotton wool being placed on each orbit, the face was then covered by a large and thickly-folded neckerchief; this was tied securely at the back part of the head, and—even more than this—more cotton wool was pushed up towards the eyes, on either side of the nose. Not content with this, however, the aid of two fingers of a bystander was requisitioned, and with these a continued pressure was kept up, during the "testing," outside and over the neckerchief and wool, and above the closed eyes. At this stage of the proceedings the room was, on two different occasions, very thoroughly darkened. Under such circumstances it was the testing commenced, and continued to the end; the result being, as theretofore, in the highest degree conclusive and satisfactory. The transference of sense from one organ to another as an acquired and spontaneous condition of being must, on the evidence here adduced, be accepted as a demonstrated and certain fact. I would state here, that on receiving a picture card or a photo from a bystander she (Mrs. Croad) places it on and about the chin or mouth, and perhaps draws it across the forehead, but the minute examination of the card is, apparently, the work of the fingers of the right hand. These several acts are, for the most part, followed by a quiet and intense thought, a well-marked concentration of mind on the picture, or whatever it may be, when, after a short time, she writes on a slate kept near her a description—sometimes a full and detailed one—of the card, its colouring, and the several objects thereon. I have seen some forty or fifty picture-cards and photographs described by Mrs. Croad at different times with various degrees of accuracy during the whole period I have known her. Occasionally her rapid and precise perception, or, if you prefer the word, conception, of the picture, and of the many, but minute and trifling, objects going to form its entirety, is really startling. I have but seldom seen her wholly at fault, though she has met with her failures.¹

In another passage Dr. Davey reminds his readers of the disabilities which at all times interfered with Mrs. Croad's use of the natural organs of vision.

Bear in mind [he says] that for a period of many years her eyelids have been persistently closed by, as it would seem, a

* *Ibid.* pp. 39—40.

spasmodic or involuntary action of the muscular structures thereto attached. In her there is no aperture or apertures—unless you make such by your own act, *i.e.*, unless you pull the eyelids apart.¹

It is also perhaps worth while to point out that the writer of this report was not a spiritualist, nor apparently a believer in any sort of supernatural revelation. "If any one here," he writes—the paper was originally read at a meeting of a learned society—"expects me to discourse or speculate on the immaterial, the metaphysical, he will be disappointed: for this single and sufficient reason, I believe in nothing of the kind. As a materialist, I hold, etc.", and he goes on to express views which are hardly consistent with the acceptance of any doctrine of a future life. This certainly adds weight to his testimony as witness to phenomena so abnormal. Moreover, though he does not dwell upon the more psychic aspect of Mrs. Croad's abnormal perceptions, Dr. Davey was evidently not prepared to dismiss unceremoniously the stories current as to that lady's possession of strange knowledge which could hardly have come to her through any "transference of special sense."² For example he writes:

As a further illustration of Mrs. Croad's peculiar and clairvoyant gifts it should be stated that, at my second interview with her and in the presence of Dr. Andrews and others, certain of my own personal and private convictions on a particular subject became, as it would seem, in a strange and exceptional manner, known to Mrs. Croad. She asked me if I would allow her to tell me a secret of my own life-history, and would I be offended if she wrote it on her slate. I replied, "No." That written on the slate was and is a fact, than which nothing could or can be more truthful and to the point. Dr. Andrews is prepared to verify [?corroborate] this; the others present on this occasion were but little known to me.³

Although Dr. Davey's statement, supported as it is by his appeal to the personal experience of other medical men who assisted him in his investigation of the case, seems to me thoroughly convincing, it should be pointed out that it does not stand alone. At the time when he was writing, a short biographical sketch of Mrs. Croad was already in print, the work of an acquaintance of hers who was apparently a Nonconformist Minister. This gentleman, a Mr. J. G. Westlake, evidently entertained a deep regard for Mrs. Croad's high

¹ *Ibid.* p. 44.

² "Transference of Special Sense" is the title which Dr. Davey prefixed to his paper.

³ *Ibid.* p. 42.

religious character and was also impressed by the strange faculties of which he had had ample evidence in the course of his intercourse with her. She had at one time been for some months the guest of himself and his wife, and he had no doubt had special opportunities of learning the facts of her history. He called his little book "A Service of Suffering," and when the first issue was sold out, he prepared another edition in 1882 in a somewhat enlarged form. When Mr. Westlake mooted the idea of writing some such account, he tells us that the invalid raised objections on the score of the publicity likely to be entailed. "I would ask you," she wrote to him, "not to bring my name before others; not that I am ashamed, but I have a great dislike to be talked about. . . . You are quite welcome to tell, far and near, of the great love of my God to me a sinner, only do not give my name."¹ It was inevitable, especially in a small country town—Mrs. Croad was at Swindon at the time—that the strange faculties she possessed should be a good deal talked about locally, but, if we may trust the statements of Mr. Westlake and others, she was a sincerely good woman with a deep sense of the supernatural. One day the well-known writer of religious verse, Miss Frances Havergal, was taken to see Mrs. Croad. The invalid was at that time quite unable to articulate, but in the course of the visit she wrote upon the slate these words: "I think I just begin to see the splendour of God's will." Some little time afterwards Miss Havergal sent her a poem for which this utterance served as a text. It is much too long to quote entire, but these two stanzas give a fair impression of its drift:

For her God's will was suffering
Just waiting, lying still;
Days passing on in weariness,
In shadows deep and chill;
And yet she had begun to see
The splendour of God's will.

A splendour that is shining
Upon His children's way,
That guides the willing footsteps
That do not want to stray,
And leads them ever onward
Unto the perfect day.

¹ J. G. Westlake, "A Service of Suffering," p. 4.

It cannot be claimed for Mr. Westlake's booklet that it is in any way critical. It is not written as a scientific discussion of preternormal psychological facts. But it shows plainly enough that Mrs. Croad's remarkable perceptions did make a very profound impression upon those who lived in her company. Besides bearing out Dr. Davey's testimony as to her power of describing pictures and colours without the use of normal sight, he quotes several remarkable instances of her knowledge of what was taking place beyond her room. Some of these were matters of observation; others are based only upon her own statement. The value we attach to them must depend upon our opinion of her truthfulness. Here is one example of the latter class. Mr. Westlake writes:

Mrs. Croad has frequently told me that she has had communications from departed friends, and also from others still living, at times when they have been in peculiar peril. She tells me that at the time she was living with her grand-parents, while her father was at sea, his life was more than once in jeopardy from shipwreck, but on each occasion, though hundreds of miles away, she saw what was transpiring and informed his father and mother; and that when they next heard from him, they found that what she had described to them was substantially true. She also says that soon after they were married she and her husband agreed with each other that the one that died first should communicate the fact in some intelligible way to the other; and that at the moment when he fell senseless on the deck of the vessel, he appeared in the most unmistakable manner to her and said "Good-bye, Carrie! I am going." She was so certain he was dead that she told her friends at Brading what she had seen, and although they did not place much confidence in her statement, they took note of the exact time, and in a few weeks after, when the news came, they found that, making allowance for the difference of longitude, the time of his death coincided exactly with his appearance to her.¹

This is, of course, a relatively common type of experience of which countless examples have been collected by Messrs. Gurney and Myers,² and by Mrs. Sidgwick, but the familiarity of stories of this kind rather strengthens the case for Mrs. Croad's veracity. All this happened and was in print before the Society for Psychical Research had ever begun its work. Mr. Westlake's own personal observation of Mrs.

¹ "A Service of Suffering," p. 19.

² In the book "Phantasms of the Living."

Croad's powers seems to have been rather vague, but this is the sort of thing he tells us:

She would frequently, while living with us, ask that her room should be put in order, as she expected visitors to see her shortly, and this, possibly, when she had not had anyone to see her for some days, nor had any apparent reason to expect that anyone was coming; we found her uniformly correct in her impressions. . . . Recently when she was living at Swindon, Mr. Harris went from Redland to see her; he had not seen her for five weeks, nor had she any intimation of his intended visit. Early in the morning she asked her daughter to put the room straight, as she expected Mr. Harris would call in the course of the day. When he arrived about mid-day, she wrote on her slate "I have been expecting you."¹

Dr. Davey himself had some similar experiences when his patient was living near Bristol, for he records in the article previously referred to:

It is said also by those near and dear to her that such is Mrs. Croad's prevision that she has been known to foretell my own visits to her; what I mean is, that on my approach to the house she occupies and when at a distance from it, and unseen by anyone about her—in fact not within sight—she has said, "Dr. Davey is coming; he will be here directly."²

It is curious to find St. Augustine of Hippo fifteen hundred years ago describing a similar case of which apparently he had personal knowledge. He calls his invalid "possessed," and says that he spoke in a kind of a delirium, but the visitor whose arrival the sufferer looked for with so much impatience was a priest, and from his sick bed the man described accurately every stage of the priest's journey from the moment he started until the moment he knocked at the door of the house.³ It would seem that St. Augustine had no better reason for supposing that this sufferer was the victim of diabolical possession than the simple fact that he had convulsive seizures and possessed an inexplicable knowledge of the movements of the friend upon whom his whole thought centred. A similar strange telepathic bond seems to have existed between Blessed Marie d'Oignies and her devoted "preacher," James de Vitry, afterwards Cardinal.⁴ But in

¹ J. G. Westlake, "A Service of Suffering," 2nd Ed. (c. 1882), pp. 19—20.

² "Journal of Psychological Medicine," p. 41.

³ See "De Genesi ad litteram," xii. 17 (Migne, P.L., xxxiv., c. 468).

⁴ Cf. THE MONTH, June 1922, p. 534.

the fifth century, as in the thirteenth, all nervous disorders presenting features which seemed to transcend normal experience were apt to be attributed either to diabolical possession or to a supernatural cause.

There seems to be no doubt that Mrs. Croad's helpless condition was attended with much physical suffering which she bore with exemplary patience. Mr. Westlake writes:

Mrs. Croad is a great sufferer from convulsive fits. As the fit comes on, she is seized with severe shaking, till she becomes rigid and unconscious. My wife with others stayed with her all night in one of these attacks. A fit lasted so long that they thought her dead and were preparing to lay her out; but after waiting awhile, and administering a stimulant, they were thankful to see her revive. Since then she has had so many and such severe attacks, that it really seems incredible that any human being could endure so much. I often think that, physically, she is maintained in a miraculous manner especially when I see how little food she takes. In the month of December last, for three weeks, she did not take nourishment equal to half a pint of milk.¹

This last statement is peculiarly interesting in view of the rejection of nearly all food which, as I have previously pointed out, characterizes not only the case of Mollie Fancher, but those of Teresa Higginson, Anne Catherine Emmerich, Domenica Lazzari, Louise Lateau, and Therese Neumann at the present day. Dr. Davey does not seem to have attempted to study this feature of Mrs. Croad's nervous condition, but he was not altogether ignorant of it and does not seem to have discredited it, for in his summary account of the earlier history of the case before it came under his observation, he remarks: "She became at length powerless or paralytic; whilst as a consequence attendant on a chronic gastric affection she is said to have 'lost all power to partake of or digest solid food'."²

I have directed attention more than once in these pages to the book of Dr. Haddock, "Somnolism and Psycheism" (*sic*), in which he gives an account of the remarkable faculty possessed by his illiterate servant Emma of describing pictures without the use of her eyes.³ She held them over the top of her head, felt them with her fingers and was then

¹ "A Service of Suffering," p. 30.

² "Journal of Psychological Medicine," *l.c.*, p. 39.

³ Joseph W. Haddock, M.D., "Somnolism and Psycheism," 2nd Ed., London, 1851, pp. 97-103; THE MONTH, December 1926, p. 490, note.

able to tell what they represented and to indicate the colours. The tests applied seem to have been of a very effective kind, and success was attained even when no one present knew anything of the subject of the particular picture submitted to her, thus excluding the possibility of mere telepathy from the mind of a bystander. It is true that Emma, when making these experiments, was first put into a hypnotic trance, but the faculty she possessed in that condition seems to have been the exact counterpart of what is recorded of Mollie Fancher and Mrs. Croad, both of which were afflicted with complicated neuroses.

But for fear anyone should suppose that such abnormal powers are only heard of in heretical countries, where diabolical influences might be conceived to enjoy an exceptional range of activity, let us take a case from Italy. It is recorded by no less an authority than the late Professor Cesare Lombroso, the famous neuropath and criminologist, as a psychological marvel which had developed under his own eyes. He himself tells us that this experience, which came to him at the age of 46, was the first shock to the resolute materialism in which all his early life was passed. It led him in the end to so much belief in the spiritual nature of man as postulates survival after death, though the revelation he accepted was unfortunately that of the séance room, not that of Catholic tradition. Anyway, in the opening sentences of his latest published work,¹ Lombroso remarks:

If ever there was anyone in this world who by his scientific training and by a sort of instinct was resolutely opposed to Spiritism, I was that man; for out of the principle that all force was merely a property of matter, and that the soul was an emanation of the brain, I had created for myself the line of study which was to be my life's work. To think that I, of all men, who for so many years had laughed at the very idea of spirits, and table-turning and seances, should come to believe what I now believe!

But if I have always been enthusiastically loyal to the banner of Science, I have had one passion which is even stronger still—a veneration for truth, a resolve to be content with nothing short of the evidence of ascertained facts.

Now, in the year 1882, I, who had been so bitter an enemy to Spiritism that for years together I would not touch it, or be present at any experiment of the kind, was, in the course of my professional duties as a neuropathologist, brought into contact

¹ "Ricerche sui Fenomeni Ipnatici e Spiritici," Torino, 1909. The Preface is dated "October 1909." Lombroso died suddenly on October 19th of the same year.

with certain remarkable psychic phenomena of which science could give no account except to note the circumstance that the subjects concerned were all either hysterical or hypnotized.

The first experience, which is the most to our purpose, is described by Lombroso as a "transference of sense perceptions," and is recounted as follows:

One morning in 1882 I was sent for to the bedside of the Signorina C.S., aged 14, the daughter of one of the most active and capable of our Italian public men. The mother was sane, intelligent and healthy, but her two sons at the age of about 12 or 14 had shot up in height in an extraordinary way and seemed to show phthisical symptoms. The girl herself . . . had just previously grown seven inches within a very short space of time and had developed serious gastric troubles of hysterical origin (vomiting, dyspepsia, etc.), so much so that for one month she had been able to take nothing but solid food, and then for another month nothing but liquids, while during a third month she had developed attacks of hysterical convulsive spasms with hyperæsthesias so pronounced that if a thread were laid upon her hand she declared it felt as heavy as a bar of iron.¹

After the occurrence of another monthly period she became blind, while hysterogenic pressure points were noted in the little finger and in the forefinger. When these were touched they produced convulsions. There were also motor pareses [attacks of imperfect paralysis] in the legs, with exaggerated reflexes and spasms, while her muscular energy was enormously increased, so much that, measured by a dynamometer, the force of her hand-clasp augmented from 32 to 47 kilograms.

And at this point extraordinary phenomena began to present themselves. First there was a somnambulistic condition in which she showed an amazing activity in work about the house, a very affectionate disposition towards the whole family and a conspicuous musical talent; at a later stage there was a change of character; she developed a masculine boldness and a lack of moral principle. But the most remarkable fact was this, that while she lost the power of seeing with her eyes, she saw, as clearly as before, with the tip of her nose and the lobe of her left ear. By these improvised organs, though I had bandaged her eyes, she read a letter which had just then come to me by post and she was able to distinguish the figures on the dial of a dynamometer.

¹ In the case of the stigmatica Domenica Lazzari these hyperæsthesias reached an extraordinary pitch. A small fragment of sugar caused vomiting so violent that she almost choked, and the smell of a piece of toast produced such discomfort that she fainted away. See *THE MONTH*, October 1919, p. 292.

Very curious was her realization in gesture of the function of these new substitutes which took the place of eyes. If, for example, I put my finger close to her nose or to her ear making pretence to touch them, or still better if I only directed a beam of light upon either, even if it were but for a moment or two, she manifested instant sensibility and irritation. "You want to blind me," she cried out. Then with an instinctive movement as unforeseen as the phenomenon itself, she put her arm in the way to protect the lobe of the ear or the tip of her nose and remained in that position for some minutes.

There was also a transference of the seat of the sense of smell. While ammonia and assafetida if they were thrust under her nose provoked not the least reaction, even a slightly odorous substance placed beneath her chin produced a lively impression which manifested itself in expressive gesture. If the scent was an agreeable one, she smiled, her eyelids fluttered and she inhaled rapid breaths. If the odour was nauseous she put up her hands to that part of the chin which had become sensitive and shook her head violently.

Later on her sense of smell was transferred to the insteps of her feet, and then when any odour was unpleasant to her, she kicked out with her feet to left and right with contortions of her whole body, but when she enjoyed the scent she stood quite still, smiling and drawing her breath quickly.

Deferring any comment upon this statement, I propose to call attention to one final example of the same kind of sense transference, which was reported in 1840 by Professor Carmagnola. It is referred to, along with several others, by Lombroso, but I have been able to consult Carmagnola's own account of the matter which is printed in the "*Giornale delle Scienze Mediche*" for the year mentioned.¹ Considerations of space must restrain me from going into much detail, but I may note that the Professor's first sentences show him to have been almost as much startled by what he witnessed, as Lombroso was by his experiences with the Signorina C.S. He tells his readers that he is going to describe a series of facts which had come under his own observation, but he adds that he himself, if he had merely heard these recounted by some one else, would have dismissed the whole as a cock-and-bull story unworthy of serious attention. While unable to offer any sort of scientific explanation, he protests that he held it his duty to be sternly and strictly truthful in his statement of what he had witnessed.

¹ "*Giornale delle Scienze Mediche*," Vol. IX., pp. 163—172, Torino, 1840.

Like the case last referred to, this also was concerned with a young girl of 13 or 14, and here again the starting point of the subsequent harassing developments must be looked for in the physiological conditions attendant on the approach of womanhood. The trouble began with a nervous cough which came on whenever the child attempted to eat or drink and which was so persistent that for three months she could hardly take nourishment of any kind. Then followed exaggerated hyperæsthesias and all sorts of neurotic troubles. In her normal waking condition she became speechless, but while asleep and dreaming she spoke freely, recounting past adventures with great animation, and singing, with perfect accuracy as to words and music, the airs of the operas then in vogue.¹ Upon this supervened a state of constantly recurring somnambulism, alternating with cataleptic trances. The details are curious, but I must content myself with noting that at this stage of her illness, while she was absolutely deaf and blind, so far as concerned the special organs of these two senses, she could hear with her shoulders—or, more strictly, her shoulder-blades (*spalle*)—and see with her hands. In her somnambulisms she dressed herself, moved about and performed all sorts of little domestic tasks in her room, without ever knocking against any obstacles. She conversed freely, and when shown pretty coloured ribbons and other things she would discriminate the colours with perfect accuracy, and yet all the time the pupils of her eyes were completely turned up and only the lower portion of the sclerotic was visible. She went about holding the palms of her hands open before her, and it soon became clear that these in her somnambulant condition served her as organs of sight. Professor Carmagnola's statement in justification of this conclusion is interesting.

I took [he says] the first book that I chanced to pick up, it was a copy of *Télémaque*. I opened it at random and put it under her extended hands. They were not in contact with the book but remained at a distance of half an inch or so from the printed page. In that position she read the text correctly and rapidly. I put the book in a different position and she went on reading as before. It was night time and I held a candle near to see if

¹ There is a curious parallel to this singing in what is recorded at the beginning of the thirteenth century of the ecstatic Marie d'Oignies. See her Life (in the "Acta Sanctorum," June, Vol. IV.) § 98. In her trance state just before her death she sang continuously for three days. Cf. THE MONTH, June 1922, p. 536. St. Frances of Rome in ecstasy exhibited a similar phenomenon.

what she read aloud corresponded accurately with the printed text. The reading, I found, was quite correct. Then I moved the candle away to ascertain if she was dependent upon the light it gave but she went on reading quite evenly and without stumbling. Her mother wrote these words on a scrap of paper *Thérèse, je vous aime*, and she not only read the words with her hands but she recognized that it was her mother's writing. She wanted to look at herself in the glass and so she spread out her hands in front of the mirror, but she only saw her hands; then she lowered them to see her face but apparently saw nothing at all, then by a sort of instinct she put up her hands once more, and again she saw only her hands; so she put one in front of the other, but with no better success. Finally she lost her temper, stamped on the floor, tore off her cap from her head and hastily beat a retreat.¹

It is, of course, open to the reader to suggest that the two Italian children last spoken of were the victims of diabolical possession. The contention might seem to be sustained by the fact that Lombroso's patient made uncanny but quite accurate prophecies as to the future course of her illness² and recommended strange remedies for the alleviation of her attacks, which in fact were employed with some measure of success. Limits of space preclude me from giving details, though one very curious feature may be mentioned. On June 15th the Signorina C.S. foretold that on July 2nd a spell of delirium would supervene, to be followed by severe cataleptic seizures "which would be cured by gold." In point of fact the attacks occurred as predicted and the suggested remedy proved efficacious both then and on another occasion. One rubs one's eyes and wonders whether from the year 1880, the epoch of Huxley and Tyndall and Virchow and Haeckel, we have suddenly been transported back into the Middle Ages, for it was no internal administration of the chloride of gold which was thus indicated but a simple surface contact with the raw metal. I say this because Petetin, in his "*Électricité Animale*" (1808), had spoken of the use of this

¹ "Giornale," Vol. IX., p. 172.

² The existence of some inexplicable faculty of "second sight," occurring more frequently among the Celtic races, is hard to deny. Is it extravagant to suppose that similar powers may be developed under hypnotism, or in trance or somnambulistic conditions? The gift of prophecy is constantly claimed for ecstasies, and they often foretell what is going to happen to themselves, notably the moment of their death. As an illustration I may refer to the prediction of the stigmatisée Marie-Julie Jahenny, made a month previously and more than once repeated, that on a certain day an espousal ring would form upon her finger. This actually took place in the presence of witnesses assembled for the purpose beforehand. See THE MONTH, September 1919, pp. 249-250.

remedy in the treatment of similar neuroses, and because Professor Carmagnola's patient in 1840 was so immensely relieved by clutching a piece of gold that she went hunting everywhere for more gold, and finding an object of gilt bronze, mistook it for real gold and thought she had discovered a treasure. But while she was sensibly relieved by the genuine metal, the bronze proved of no use at all. Is it conceivable that gold, after all, does generate some form of radio activity to which peculiarly-conditioned persons are sensitive? What is certain is that many water-diviners, the reality of whose strange gift can hardly now be contested, are also convinced that metals may be detected in a precisely similar way by the influence they exercise, even at a distance, upon the nervous tension of the adequately disposed subject.

So far, however, as regards the question of diabolical possession, the cases of Miss Fancher, Mrs. Croad, and the Italian girls must surely all hang together. We have comparatively full knowledge of the life history of the two former, who were bed-ridden for twenty or thirty years, and in whose case there is not a trace of anything evil, but on the contrary every presumption of a most admirable spirit of Christian resignation. If the neuroses of the two other patients cannot be traced to any such terrible physical accidents as befell Miss Fancher and Mrs. Croad, Professors Lombroso and Carmagnola seem to have been satisfied that there was no sudden invasion of any malign influence from outside. The morbid condition had developed slowly by well-marked stages and was clearly associated with the physiological changes belonging to the age of puberty. In any case this transference of special sense seems to constitute a serious problem for those who would attempt to draw a clear line of demarcation between the merely abnormal and the miraculous or supernatural.

HERBERT THURSTON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE "COMFORTABLENESS" OF CATHOLICISM.

A FAVOURITE reproach against Catholics is their readiness to submit their judgment to the judgment of their ecclesiastical Superiors instead of making use of their mental gifts in the region of revealed truth as in all other departments of human knowledge. We are told that we shirk our responsibilities in thus allowing ourselves to be spoon-fed with peptonized pieces of doctrine by our spiritual leaders, instead of insisting on cutting off such food as appeals to us with the two-edged knife of our private judgment.

A recent convert to the Church has said that one of the most prevalent errors regarding the motives for conversion, entertained by the non-converted, is that the convert "came over" because he wanted his mind made up for him,—in other words he is considered as one who "cannot face the responsibility of thinking problems out for himself, but finds it convenient to swallow whole a complete explanation of the universe."¹ Another example of this "outside" point of view, which makes Catholics out to be intellectually slothful, and their Church a society of indolent obscurantists, is seen in that "Anglo-Catholic" attack on the Rev. Vernon Johnson's simple and sincere *Apologia*, "One Lord—One Faith," in which attack the following passage occurs:

But if the real reason for leaving the Church of England is that we shall find it more comfortable and reassuring to be Roman Catholics, let us say so frankly. *Do not let us pretend that we need an Infallible Living Voice, when this only means we shall find it more comfortable to believe that we have one, when we really have nothing of the kind.* And do not let us pretend that it is necessary, when the real truth is only that it will save us a certain amount of worry.²

Apart from the groundless innuendo contained in this passage, the word *comfortable* appears at first sight singularly inapposite. With the memory of Father Vernon's own story fresh in one's mind, of his agony in breaking ties of friendship whose strands were spiritual life-lines in the hands of others, an agony so great that, as he tells us simply, "my will very nearly gave in before the storm," the selection of this word to characterize the aim of

¹ Mr. Evelyn Waugh in the *Daily Express*, October 20th.

² "One God and Father of All," p. 106. Italics as in original.

one thus bravely taking up his cross seems singularly foolish and wantonly unkind.

But we cannot doubt that, in its futility, it represents the mind of very many outside the Fold in regard to the position of Catholics. A non-Catholic (and non-Anglican, too, for that matter) to whom I said—"Do you think Catholicism a comfortable Religion?"—replied emphatically that he did, adding, "You have all your thinking done for you, what you have to believe is brought to your door like the morning milk." Now, one would not willingly deny that the position of the Catholic householder, who has but to stretch out a pyjama'd arm to obtain a bottle, hygienically sealed by the Catholic Church, in which he knows is contained "the uncontaminated spiritual milk" that St. Peter speaks of, is distinctly more "reassuring and comfortable" than is the position of those Protestant caravan-dwellers who, despising such a safe and easy method of obtaining supplies—(a method which they consider an insult to their intelligence on account of its very simplicity)—prefer to sally forth in the cold and dark in search of a cow whose ancestry and credentials appear to warrant their trust in the purity of her wares. When, in addition, one reflects that, even when found, she has yet to be somehow persuaded to yield the sustenance of her doctrine (for outside the Church, there is a growing reluctance to teach anything with certainty), one does indeed begin to realize how well off are we who belong to the True and Well-Provisioned Fold.

However, in spite of the spiritual security to be found only in the Household of the Faith, the note of "comfortableness" is never characteristic of the life of a true Catholic who is keen to "trade" with the Talents confided to him. He is made sure of the Truth in order that he may put it into practice. And that practice, conscientiously adopted, often makes very uncomfortable demands upon him. Therefore, he who leaves the easy-going atmosphere of the Anglican Church for the rigid discipline of Catholicism, cannot fairly be charged with seeking his personal comfort. One must abandon much when one enters upon the "narrow path"; independence of judgment amongst other things, and haphazard worship and private views on morality and bodily self-indulgence. And the more one gives in to the claims of the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier, the more, generally, is demanded of one. The Catholic knows he has been called to progress and bring forth fruit of a permanent sort, and so he submits to discipline and guidance. That is part of the price he has willingly paid for the Pearl of Great Price, the possession of which gives him such abundant spiritual comfort.

This is not to deny that many, too many, Catholics are content to rest upon their privileges and refuse to trade with their Talents, regarding their gift of the Truth, not as a stimulus to fuller in-

quity, but as an occasion of intellectual apathy. It is really an amazing thing how very little some Catholics appreciate the astounding fact that God's Providence has placed them in the rich inheritance of the one true Church of Christ. All around us millions, literally millions, of our fellow-men are lost in the arctic darkness of paganism, while in this very country thousands of earnest souls are floundering in the quicksands of error, unable to see the City on the Hill on account of the fog of conflicting doctrines that clings so comprehensively about them. Surely if we once realized the immense privilege that is ours in being authentic citizens of the Kingdom, we should be filled with a tremendous gratitude to God for enrolling us amongst His own, and consequently with a great eagerness to bring less fortunate souls to share our "comfortable and reassuring" position and what should be our zealous efforts to qualify for perfect citizenship.

It is a standing reproach to Catholics, born Catholics as we call them, that they are content to leave it to converts to take the lead in this matter of making our Faith known to those outside the Fold. How many of the best-known writers in the Catholic Press are converts, men and women who are so filled with the wonder of their new-found Faith, that they cannot rest from trying to bring others to realize its richness and its beauty! If all were as they, there would be in England to-day an "Apostolic League" embracing the whole of the laity and pledged to an enthusiastic campaign for the Faith among their non-Catholic brethren; a "Catholic Evidence Guild" working in every town and village: a "Catholic Social Guild" uniting Catholic workers and employers in a common pursuit of economic justice: a "Catholic Women's League" combining all to raise the general status of womankind. The converts in all these bodies are conspicuous for their energy.

Why is it that we thus permit ourselves to be outdone? The answer is simple, though twofold. It is, first, because, "uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take," and so do not realize the agony of spiritual uncertainty as do converts, and do not therefore feel the same urge to assist those around us who are enduring this agony; and, secondly, because, although we are absolutely loyal to our Faith, we allow ourselves to be discouraged by the massed battalions of unbelief around us, and do not appreciate the eminent reasonableness of the grounds on which it rests, and how forcible its appeal to hitherto hostile minds can be made, once its historical, doctrinal and practical soundness is brought home to them. We love our Faith, yes, but (as Browning has said) "Love should be absolute love, faith is in fullness or nought," and we should love it with such an intense enthusiasm as to be convinced of our duty according to our ability to bring it within reach of every human soul in our land. This enthusiasm for the spread of the Faith is felt very strongly by converts, and, combined with a deep sense of

gratitude for their own escape from the nightmare of uncertainty and error, engenders in them the apostolic zeal of which I speak. The same enthusiasm, which led them through all sorts of obstacles to find the Truth, should fire those who already possess it in substance to acquire a detailed knowledge of its inexhaustible riches. Converts must often wonder, for instance, why devotion to the Holy Eucharist, Sacrament and Sacrifice, is not more pronounced amongst Catholics. The Church is always "working over" this part of the deposit of Faith and trying to understand more fully all it means and effects, but her children seem to lag behind in their appreciation.

Let Catholics then remind themselves that God has given them the assurance of His revelation in order that the zeal and energy, which otherwise would have to be expended in search of the truth, may be used in acting in accordance with it and thus enlightening others with regard to its value. Although a pearl does not lose its worth through remaining hidden in the oyster-shell, it is, when there, of no benefit to mankind, and while theoretically a Catholic may keep his Faith to himself and still save his soul, in practice that is impossible. Faith without good works is dead, and the first good work whereby it shows its life and vigour is zealous activity for our neighbour's spiritual welfare.

What is needed, then, is, that every Catholic in the country, man, woman, boy and girl, should realize, first, the wealth that is theirs through their membership of the Catholic Church, and, second, the real responsibility that always accompanies wealth. Once they have understood fully the first, the discharge of the second will come as a spontaneous expression of their desire to give freely of that which they have freely received. By membership of one or other of our Catholic Societies, by reading and study, by word and example, so may we all share in the glorious work of winning souls for Christ.

S. A. BLISS.

A FORGOTTEN SHRINE OF OUR LADY.

THE pilgrim who, in the Middle Ages, set out from London to visit the Holy House at Walsingham, and who meant to make the most of his journey thither, would almost certainly first visit St. Albans to pay his devotions at the shrine of England's Protomartyr. From thence by easy stages he would pass to Cambridge, where there was a famous Shrine of Our Blessed Lady in the Dominican Chapel. From Cambridge to Ely is but a step, and of course the great Cathedral of the Fens with its shrine of St. Ethelreda, and with its memories of the Camp of Refuge, must be visited. From Ely the pilgrim would travel by fen

roads through Mildenhall to Bury, pausing there to worship at the Tomb of St. Edmund, the Martyred King of East Anglia.

While there he would hear, if he had not heard before, of the miraculous Statue of Our Lady of Thetford. So he would set out along the road to that ancient capital of East Anglia, lying at the junction of the Little Ouse and the Thet.

On entering the town he would find on his right, and doubtless stop to enter, the Church of St. Edmund, and there he would return thanks for the Divine protection afforded him on his journey. Then going on past the Church of Little St. Mary's and turning to the right he would see Great St. Mary's, the former Cathedral of the See of Thetford, and, a little way down the Brandon Road, the majestic pile of the Priory Church of the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre. Crossing the Little Ouse by St. Christopher's Bridge and going on up the hill to St. Peter's Church he would then turn to the left along the Minstergate until he reached his destination, the great Cluniac Priory of St. Mary.

This great House, one of the five largest monasteries of the Order in England, had been founded by Roger Bigod in 1104 on the Suffolk side of the river. But the ground provided was found to be too cramped for the rapidly growing foundation, and in 1107 a site was obtained on the Norfolk bank. Abbot Stephen and Walter Bigod laid the foundation-stone of the new edifice after Herbert of Losinga, Bishop of Thetford, had helped to dig the foundations.

The Church was dedicated to Our Lady and St. Andrew, and built in the form of a Latin cross, 248 feet in length, and 123½ feet across the transepts. In the centre rose a massive Norman tower, 36 feet square, and the western front was adorned with twin towers as on the western front of the Cathedral at Durham.

Entering the church the pilgrim passed up the nave and beyond the High Altar to the Chapel of Our Lady, which had been built about 1250. There, above the altar, surrounded by lights and votive offerings was the object of his search, the Statue of Our Lady of Thetford. The monk in charge of the Shrine would tell the pilgrims how Our Lady had appeared to a poor cripple in the town, a cobbler by trade, and sent him to bid the Prior to construct this statue. The Prior had at first demurred, but was eventually convinced of the authenticity of the command, and very soon after the erection of the statue rumours of miraculous cures were noised abroad. More and more people came, not only townspeople, but pilgrims on their way to Walsingham, and thus the fame of the Shrine grew and many thousands resorted thither to obtain spiritual and temporal blessings. So finally the Chapel was erected to house the Shrine and to accommodate the continual stream of suppliants.

Contemporary writers tell us of dumb persons being given

the power of speech, the blind sight, and the dead being restored to life. Thus this little East Anglian town had become a great centre of devotion to God's Mother "our sweet Lady, Saint Mary," second only to Walsingham itself. Pilgrims came by the thousand and sought the aid of the Mother of God, and paid their devotions at the shrine and in the numerous churches and chapels of the Religious Houses then to be found in Thetford.

But evil times came. The Priory was one of the last to fall before the greed of Henry the Destroyer. But at last on Monday, February 16, 1540, the monks said their last Masses at the altars they had served so long. The Foundation, with all its possessions in 53 Norfolk, 24 Suffolk, 6 Cambridgeshire, and 2 Essex parishes, was granted to the Duke of Norfolk. The Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Thetford was at an end.

In spite of the fame of the Shrine, and the hatred which it raised in the minds of the reformers, we do not read of the public dishonouring and destruction of the image which had so long been venerated there. This seems strange, and the probable explanation is even stranger.

In 1519 was born Henry Fitzroy, natural son of Henry VIII. and Lady Elizabeth Talbois, a Lady-in-waiting of the saintly Queen Catherine of Aragon. At the age of six he was created, Knight of the Garter, Earl of Nottingham, Duke of Richmond and Somerset, Lord High Admiral of England, Wales, Ireland, Normandy, Gascony and Aquitaine, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His lands and personal income were worth about £4,000 a year. It seems probable that his father intended to make him the heir to the throne, should no son be born to him of Queen Catherine.

In 1533 Henry Richmond married Mary, sister of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. He only lived for another three years and died, some said an unnatural death, in 1536. He was at any rate buried in a semi-private manner at the Cluniac Priory at Thetford, close by the tombs of the Dukes of Norfolk. Surrey erected a tomb over his grave "of freestone, garnished round with divers histories of the Bible." Within four years the Priory was suppressed, and Surrey moved the tomb to Framlingham in Suffolk, then the seat of the Dukes of Norfolk. It has been suggested that Surrey, who was a good Catholic, under the pretext of moving the body of Richmond, saved what he could from the Priory, and that the famous statue of Our Lady of Thetford now lies hidden in the grave of the natural son of the despoiler of the Monasteries, in Framlingham Church.

The destruction of the Religious Houses paved the way for even worse. Soon the Blessed Mother of God and her Divine Son were to be driven out even from the Parish Churches. When the "Reformers" had finished, of the 23 churches and 10

Monastic Houses that the piety of man had raised to the glory of God in that neighbourhood, only three remained, and these stripped bare and in the hands of strangers to the Faith for whose service they had been erected.

The Faith still lingered on, however, and in the beginning of the nineteenth century a modest building was raised on the outskirts of the town, under the shadow of St. Mary the Less, to the Glory of God and in Honour of Our Blessed Lady. Following the careful practice of Catholics in those days no figure of the Blessed Mother appeared in the church, for fear of giving scandal to Protestant visitors. But in 1835 the big east window was bricked up and a picture by James Parry representing Our Lady, St. Joseph and the Divine Child was placed over the altar. By 1853 a statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child was placed upon a bracket on the Gospel side of the sanctuary, and still later this statue was surrounded by hangings and lights.

During the late War the vibration caused by passing traffic caused the statue to fall and be irretrievably damaged, and it was replaced by the present statue of Our Lady of Thetford.

Thus Our Lady once more is honoured in the town where she chose in the past to give aid to her clients. Would that all Catholics passing through Thetford in these latter days on their way to the sea could stop and pray at the Shrine of Our Lady of Thetford for the recovery of her Dowry, and for their own spiritual and temporal welfare.

G. W. H. WEBB, D.D.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**"A Sect
everywhere
gainsaid."**

The "woe" which St. Paul invoked on himself if he preached not the Gospel, is incurred, under like conditions and in due measure, by all to whom the talent of Faith has been entrusted by Providence. The good Catholic is necessarily an apostle; he is at least bound to let his light shine before men, to recommend the Faith by the good works it inspires in him. Hence, in non-Catholic surroundings, he is often in the invidious position of having to say, or imply, that his neighbours are wrong in their religious views or mistaken in their conduct. And his non-Catholic neighbours, not unnaturally, resent being thus set right, even though correction is made with the utmost tact. With them religion has become so entirely a matter of private interest that the assumption of truer knowledge or higher morality by their censors, is regarded as an impertinence. Not all, indeed, are consistent in the

matter; the profession of the supremacy of the individual reason often goes hand in hand with proselytizing zeal and dogmatic assurance, but, whereas the Protestant, if true to his principles, can only say, "this *may* be so," the Catholic, backed by the infallible Church, says confidently, "this *is* so." And when the Catholic happens to be an Archbishop, say, or a Pope, the irritation of the unbeliever is intensified. We are witnessing to-day, in the leaders and letters of the Press of this country, the growing irritation of the bigot and the secularist, due to the Pope's uncompromising assertion of the Christian law of marriage and of education—"hard sayings" in the ears of the "emancipated." Yet, however the Gentiles may rage, the Catholic must uphold the indissolubility of marriage, must insist on the religious character of education, must condemn the immoralities of "eugenics," must follow the moral guidance of the Church, in spite of the opposition shown in the views and practice of the world.

**The Wolf
and
the Lamb.**

And not only by the unregenerate world but by many so-called Christians who have misinterpreted the law of Christ. The Bishop of Liverpool, for instance, member of an organization which for centuries persecuted Catholics to the death, and which, in its very formularies, vilifies their Church, takes it ill that Catholics should proclaim and prove their Faith in the streets of his Cathedral city, and incidentally point out where other religions go astray. He objects, for instance, to the assertion of the Church's law of marriage, which declares clandestine unions, involving her members, invalid, as if he thought that the Church had no right to lay down the conditions of the sacramental contract for her own children, and for those who, by marrying them, come within her jurisdiction. In New South Wales about six years ago it was made a penal offence to say that a marriage, contracted by a Catholic in defiance of some diriment impediment of the Church, was null and void: a tyrannous enactment penalizing the utterance of the truth, since such marriages *are* invalid. Apparently, the Bishop would like to see some such penal measure enacted over here; the illogical intolerance of Protestantism is by no means dead. Of course, no Catholic, however he might deplore such a breach of the Church's law, should cast public odium on one who had committed it, or proclaim aloud without necessity the deplorable consequences entailed on the offspring of such an alliance, but, to try to compel him by law to speak falsely about it when he had occasion to speak, is a wanton invasion of the rights of conscience. Catholics who attempt matrimony against God's law know very well that they are living in sin, and they cannot expect their fellow-believers to ignore the fact altogether. At the same time, they are "married" in the eyes of the law,

which recognizes their children as legitimate, and it would be both false and foolish to deny that fact. Still, however it be with the laity, it is the duty of Catholic priests to warn the members of their flocks that no sacramental contract is valid for Catholics, unless it fulfils the conditions which the Church, the guardian of the Sacraments, has laid down. This duty the Bishop of Liverpool would have them omit, for he threatens to expose those who "declare to partners in mixed marriages, contracted or contemplated, that, unless Roman rites and conditions are observed, the marriage is no marriage, and the children illegitimate." In other words he would suppress the inculcating of ordinary Catholic doctrine, which priests can no more refrain from teaching than they can refrain from teaching the Divinity of Christ. It is nothing new: it has never been concealed: it is stated with the utmost lucidity in so accessible a volume as *The Catholic Directory*, where the distinction between the civil and canonical effects of the contract is explicitly stated.¹ It would almost seem that the Bishop has ignored that distinction in his anxiety to prove that Catholics are persecutors!

**The Pope
on
Christian
Marriage.**

Almost fifty years ago to the month, Pope Leo XIII. issued an Encyclical on "Christian Marriage" as a protest against the growing moral laxity of the times. It contained the usual

Catholic doctrine about the unity, indissolubility, and sacramental character of the contract, and the sinfulness of divorce and "free love." It was, and remains, a clear and authoritative exposition of Catholic belief. But alas! in the half-century since its promulgation, as the virus of Protestant teaching has spread and intensified, the moral state of the world, notably weakened by the war, has grown steadily worse, and Catholics, often isolated amid corrupt surroundings, are exposed more and more to the pernicious influence of a degraded public opinion. Consequently, there is ample scope for our present Holy Father's magisterial utterance on the subject, especially as, outside the Church, offences against the marriage law have not only increased in frequency and wickedness, but are actually defended and advocated by numbers of "emancipated" men and women. *Casti Connubii*, which reaffirms the status of matrimony, as originally instituted by the Creator and in its essence independent of human laws, also arraigns the prevalent abuses which have taken such hold upon our neo-pagans—birth prevention, divorce, temporary unions, sterilization, and all the evil brood of modern naturalism which reaches its logical

¹ "Such Catholic marriages, if they are not so [*i.e.* according to the Church's prescription] celebrated, are indeed for all the civil effects and purposes of marriage, valid and binding legal contracts *under the civil law*, if the conditions and requirements of the civil law are fulfilled; but they are null and void *before God*, and the parties are not, in the sight of God, husband and wife."—*Cath. Direct.*, p. 3.

development in Russia to-day. It will serve as a rallying-point in defence of the Family for all the forces of righteousness, just as *Rerum Ecclesiae* in 1926 gave new scope and vigour to the work of the Missions, and as *Mortalium Animos* laid down in 1928 the only possible conditions of Christian Unity, and as *Representants in terra* proclaimed in 1929 the charter of Christian education. It will also be the target of all the abuse of free-lovers and free-thinkers all over the world, especially of the perverse and misguided race of Birth Preventers. The contrast between the Pontiff's clear assertion of the law of God in this matter and the shifty betrayal of Christian morality embodied in Resolution 15 of the Lambeth Conference, is too obvious to need stressing. But in this as in many other questions of elementary morality, Catholics will find themselves on the unpopular side, and their dutiful "maintenance of the Apostolic See" in this regard will draw down on them the scorn of the "Impuritans."

**Nullity is not
Divorce.**

We regret to find *The Spectator* (January 17th) editorially repeating the often-refuted calumny that "in practice the law of nullity provides for members of the Roman Church what is virtually the equivalent of a divorce law." Nullity only means the absence of conditions needful for the validity of a contract,—were the parties free? were they competent? were they agreed as to what was the subject of the contract? As Christian marriage is essentially a contract, it may happen that all the necessary conditions are not present, in which case the contract is null and void. But ordinarily, so well instructed are Catholics in the matter, and so diligent are the pastors of the Church in investigating the fitness of the parties to make the contract, the contract, and therefore the marriage, is sound. To insinuate, as the paper seems here to do, and as many others, following the discreditable lead of the Lambeth Conference have done, that there is a "law of nullity" which can be invoked at will, to dissolve, with the aid of venal ecclesiastics, a valid but unhappy marriage, is a baseless reflection on Catholic morality which a respectable journal should be ashamed to make. In saying, previously, that Our Lord was not concerned to decide the Jewish controversy about marriage, the writer ignores the whole tenor of His teaching, which was to free the truth from rabbinical glosses, whilst his further remark that Christ "preferred to remind mankind that there was only one real law which was the law of God—perfection—and that whoever fell short of that law was a sinner," shows that he has not heard of the distinction between counsel and precept. Dr. Mahoney's article in *The Clergy Review* on "Matrimonial Consent and Divorce" may be commended to the many ill-informed critics of the Catholic doctrine, critics who are not aware of the fact that

matrimony is a grace-conferring Sacrament and in essence indissoluble. It is just because of its indissolubility that the Church is so careful of its validity.

**Educational
Justice.**

The State, having taken the place of the indigent parent in providing education for his children, raising the necessary funds from Catholics as well as from others, is bound in justice to fulfil the parent's whole duty in the matter, and that includes seeing that the child is taught religion—the religion which the parent conscientiously believes to be true. Otherwise, it is penalizing the poor man because of his poverty. Religion is so essentially bound up with education, especially with education of the will, that few except a handful of secularists approve of "the secular solution." The Nonconformists who oppose equality of treatment between provided and unprovided schools, because the latter teach definite religion, whereas they are content with "simple Bible teaching," have allowed bigotry to cloud their reasons and distort their sense of justice. Why should their religious preferences be catered for and not those of Catholics? Why should dissent be "on the rates" any more than Catholicism? Why should religion be the one subject in regard to which proper qualifications are not required in the teacher? Why should Catholics be taxed and rated for education and then asked, under pain of deprivation of financial support, to accept a form of education which they cannot conscientiously submit to? These queries have never been answered, although the Catholic case has been urged for years with ever-growing clearness. They were, doubtless, asked in the late conference with the Minister of Education,—with some effect as the vote has shown. Meanwhile the old intolerance is being ventilated in letters to the Press. Catholics are accused of claiming preferential treatment, of opposing uniformity and therefore economy and efficiency, of "putting their Church before their country"—so the Editor of the *Baptist Times*—of being unwilling to compromise as others have to do. Those who make this last charge forget that with Catholics their Faith is at stake, and that there is no room for compromise when one is standing out for essential rights. The sneer in *The Times* (January 13th)—"Rome has a habit . . . of asking more than is essential for her case"—is in every sense impertinent. We are asking for the minimum, viz., that the education of Catholic children, taken out of their parents' hands by the State, should be as Catholic as if their parents still had full charge of it. Anything less is religious persecution. If our Labour politicians had a true conception of democracy, and if our Dissenting friends could learn, were it only from what they themselves have suffered, a measure of religious tolerance, the Catholic vindication of the rights of the poor would surely meet with their support.

**The
Folly of the
Strike.**

One would have thought that the tragic history of industry since the war would have taught the workers the folly and futility of war methods in the settlement of industrial disputes. It is quite true that the right to strike is the one thing that raises the economic status of the proletariat above the level of slavery. If they were compelled to accept whatever arrangements of wages and work were made by their employers, they would be slaves indeed. But now that the proletariat is politically omnipotent there are other ways of vindicating rights which do not involve detriment to the means of livelihood. Assuming that sometimes the strike may be necessary, it should surely be the very last move resorted to. It was said during the coal strike of 1926 that the "miners had lost in wages through industrial disputes, since the formation of their federation, a sum which would have enabled them to buy up, lock, stock and barrel, the whole of the collieries of the country" and that "in voluntary absenteeism they had lost an equal amount." Since the ability of an industry to pay good wages varies directly with its prosperity, any blow at its prosperity must lessen its capacity to remunerate its workers properly. If the coal industry is now so impoverished that it cannot pay decent wages, it is partly the fault of those who, instead of continuing to work whilst they are negotiating for better terms, have, by obstinate and unnecessary strikes, injured the very source of their livelihood. Happily in South Wales more sensible counsels have prevailed and only a week's work has been lost, but in Lancashire the cotton workers have been locked out, at a time when the industry needs to do all it can to conserve the trade that is left to it. It would be absurd for an outsider to judge between the disputants, but one may surely deprecate the blindness of both parties in this suicidal contest; for their interests are in the main identical, and it should not be impossible, given a modicum of good will and common sense, to settle by arbitration outstanding differences.

**The Fruits
of Uncontrolled
Capitalism.**

No State is really healthy wherein there is a multitude of citizens, unable to find the means of livelihood and consequently dependent on public assistance. This country and the United States are conspicuous examples of this industrial disease, for though they are exceedingly wealthy, yet they cannot provide a large and growing number of their inhabitants with the means of supporting themselves. The disease springs ultimately from unchecked covetousness, the conscious separation of ethics from economics. Lately, the Catholic hierarchy of America have called upon Catholics to make a united effort to relieve unemployment by every means in their power, by co-operating with the Federal,

State and municipal authorities, by anticipating works now in prospect, but especially—the words are those of Archbishop Hanna—by personal example. “Let them begin with their own work and wealth, and their own relations to property, to employees, to employers, to customers, to their corporation and organization associates. Let the spirit of Christ shine there.” Cardinal O’Connell has been equally outspoken in denouncing the excessive accumulation of wealth in a few hands which is such a marked feature of industrial America, and which is attended by so many abuses. The celebration this year of the fortieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, Leo XIII.’s summons to the industrial world to return to Christian principles and practices, makes this American movement especially apposite. Outside the Church, in this country, a new society called “The Christian Socialist Crusade” was inaugurated on January 9th under the inspiration, apparently, of Mr. G. Lansbury, which maintains that “the Christian faith must express itself in an appropriate social order and the main proposals, gathered together under the general name of socialism, are essential to the economic expression of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.” Since “under the general name of socialism” many immoral doctrines which exhibit their true nature and effects in Russia to-day, are “gathered together,” we fear that this proposition is unhappily phrased, and that the new organization, for all its zeal, will meet with little support. It is not by the abolition of property but by its better diffusion, not by the obliteration of class distinctions, but by the spirit of mutual charity, not by concentration on this world, but by keeping a steady eye on the next, that human society can be regenerated. The present appalling chaos of industry is due to men *not* seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and thus missing the measure of temporal prosperity which would otherwise be their reward.

**Property the
Basis of
Social Welfare.**

Socialism as preached by Mr. Lansbury and his associates would only succeed in substituting the State for the Capitalist. The worker, under the power of the bureaucracy, would but have exchanged a human, and not unfrequently a humane, master for a soulless one. There is no real freedom save in the power of self-support which goes with personal ownership—ownership, by preference, of the main source of livelihood, the land. That is the inspiration behind an enterprise to which we have previously called attention—“The Scottish National Land Association.” Its quarterly periodical, *Land for the People*, now beginning its second year of publication, gives an encouraging account of the progress of the movement. There are a score of men and women supported by the Association in training at an Agricultural College; half a dozen families will presently be settled together in some country

district to form the nucleus of a Catholic colony; there are signs that, in some cases, settlement of the land may turn out to be part of a religious vocation, and a revival in Scotland of the Cistercian ideal is possible. As usual, the Association could do more if more fully financed, and the paper appeals both for cash donations and for grants of land. It is able in the latter regard to point to the example of a young Spanish land-owner who, inspired by the *Rerum Novarum*, presented to a similar Association in Spain, 12,355 acres of land, which are now broken up into small holdings. And it quotes some words of the Prime Minister which ought to be emblazoned on the walls of the Cabinet Council room, at Downing Street—"The great work of every constructive government must be to put the population on the land." It has been argued before this that the conversion of England will be best prosecuted from the country-side, so that this hopeful movement has also an apostolic character.

**The Evil
of
Urbanization.**

As great wealth employed as Capital tends to draw other wealth to itself, so the concentration of people in large centres attracts, as it were automatically, a greater and greater population; which shows that man is indeed a gregarious animal. But instinctive tendencies, unless controlled by reason, usually go to extremes and the result of this unchecked social instinct has been to create the disease called "urbanization" from which the States of the world are now suffering in various degrees. The city must live on the country, yet it is constantly enticing those on whom it depends for life to quit their task and join the race of parasites. From a useful pamphlet issued by the "Catholic Association for International Peace"—the American counterpart of our C.C.I.R.—called "American Agriculture and International Affairs," we learn that 100 years ago there were only three cities (outside China) with a population over one million, whereas now there are forty. Moreover, the percentages of the urban and rural population in four great States are as follows:

	<i>Urban</i>	<i>Rural</i>
FRANCE	46.3	53.7
UNITED STATES	51.4	48.6
GERMANY	64.4	35.6
ENGLAND AND WALES	79.3	20.7

the figures in each case showing a constant increase from previous records on the side of urbanization. It will be seen how completely England's commercial policy has stripped the country-side and what a task it will be to reverse the process. So superior are the facilities in towns for procuring the amenities of life—education, the help and comfort of religion, amusement, culture in every form—so moderate and uncertain are the profits to be

gained from farming, so comparatively low its wages, so long and unremitting its hours of work, that we are not surprised that many reformers look to altruistic, supernatural motives to help men to return to the land. Still, however it may be in the vast spaces of the States, modern transport and the wonders of wireless have made it possible in this small island to live in the country and yet keep in touch with what is helpful in town life. Besides, the country has joys and interests of its own, capacity for which can be cultivated and developed, whilst much can be done to counteract the narrowness and pettiness of village life. It should not be impossible, even in England, to repopulate the country-side and, by developing its productiveness, to make the nation less dependent on supplies from abroad and therefore more secure with smaller expenditure for defence.

**Unethical
Business
Methods.**

One of the drawbacks of the party-system is that the parties feel bound in honour to reject even good measures which come to them on the recommendation of their rivals. If the Opposi-

tion had not so insisted on the general iniquity of Russia, it is possible that the Government would have been more alive to it. But having become a "party question" and used as a means of discrediting the Government, the revelation, for instance, about Soviet convict labour is itself officially discredited, and the champions of the working class actually refuse to take action against the most outrageous infringements of their interests, whether those of the unhappy Russian slaves themselves or those of the toiler here, whose wages are undercut by the importation of "sweated goods." Whatever be the exact degree of inhumanity involved in the treatment of the Soviet's political prisoners at Archangel—and enough has been proved by the testimony of honourable men to arouse the deepest horror and indignation—it is difficult to say whether the inaction of the Government or the action of the English timber-importers is the more reprehensible. The latter exhibit precisely that exclusion of ethical considerations from business, which has always been the bane of Capitalism. The spokesman of these traders, in a letter to *The Times*, cynically repudiated all moral responsibility regarding the manner in which its imports were produced. The Corporation, he said, "does not consider itself qualified, or required to investigate this matter, but can only deal with the broad fact that goods have been and are produced for our market." Can we wonder that a curse seems to lie upon British industry when this attitude is assumed by its agents? We recommend our readers to study the very scathing, yet very just indictment framed by *The Tablet* (January 17th) against the various people who have, for political or commercial ends, condoned these atrocities.

**End of
the Round Table
Conference.**

In face of the fact that the 320 millions of India want effective self-government and will not be denied, the questions before the Round Table were reduced simply to an investigation of means. Nothing has or can be definitely settled yet, but considerable progress towards framing a form of Dominion constitution has been made. The main campaign will be conducted in India itself, where the interests of numerous minorities have to be secured. The problem is one of extraordinary complexity, for India is as large as Europe without Russia, and almost as much divided by race and caste and creed. Besides British India, there are a couple of hundred of native States with varying degrees of independence. However, the difficulty of federating these under a central authority will more easily be overcome than will that of inducing the different races to dwell together in harmony. A community which brands many millions of its members with the opprobrious term of "the Untouchables" is, so far, lacking in national sense. These unhappy folk, who are said to number as many as the Moslems, *i.e.*, some 70 millions, are looked down upon by the Caste-people, and stand little chance of having their rights respected, unless they are given the strongest statutory safeguards. The Catholic Church, also, necessarily segregated from prevailing heathendom, has dangers of her own to face. She will face them, however, more securely now that over 25 per cent of Catholics in India are under their own native Bishops and clergy. Catholicism will thus be more and more regarded as a native religion, not as a foreign importation. The continuance of senseless violence, incited by a vicious Press, in Bombay and elsewhere is another sign of the immaturity and unfitness to rule of certain native groups, which must delay the attainment of autonomy. At any rate, India should now be convinced that England will not prevent her making whatever experiment she wishes in self-government, provided it be just and workable. Even the Conservative opposition has confined itself to urging that due provision should be made for effective rule during the transition period, for recognition of existing obligations, and for the interests of the Commonwealth as a whole.

**Anti-Catholicism
in
the Press.**

That the main foreign News-Agencies are in the hands of anti-Christians has long been a matter of common observation. Some twenty years ago, a C.T.S pamphlet, called *The Press, The Church and Portugal*, showed how the whole English secular Press took sides, as it were instinctively, with the Freemason revolutionaries in that country, because they were, first and foremost, anti-Catholic, and their triumph meant the ruin and spoliation of the Church. Nowadays, it is Poland and Spain that are

habitually slandered by the anti-clerical agencies, and by not a few of the "special correspondents," who serve up the provender their employers demand. We are prepared to admit that the recent elections in Poland were not fairly conducted, since we have Polish Catholic testimony to that effect, but the tales of brutal terrorism transmitted by the Press-Agencies cannot be accepted on their evidence alone. It is, unfortunately, true that Poland, like all the other States emancipated by the war, and some of the older ones as well, has shown a tendency to persecute racial and religious minorities; still they may learn tolerance with the growth of experience; the Polish question has been referred to the League of Nations and we have yet to learn that country's full defence. As regards Spain, every demonstration of Communists or Socialists is trumpeted abroad, as if the nation were on the verge of a crisis, whilst nothing is said of the intense Catholic life of the country, shown in its wide-spread and very active League of Catholic Youth and similar organizations. A score of years ago we called attention to the flood of "Fablegrams from Spain" which was filling the English Press. The supply never ceases, for "Revolution in Spain" is a headline calculated to sell many an evening paper, but this mendacious practice is no credit to our boasted honesty. It is part of the old Protestant Tradition which it is high time to discard.

**The Peace
Crisis.**

Signor Mussolini, in a New Year's speech, asserted that Italy would never take the initiative in declaring war. He, at any rate, has entered into the spirit of the Kellogg Pact and renounced war as an instrument of policy. At the same time he is anxious for the League of Nations to exercise one of the functions for which it was instituted, the revision, with the help of the World Court of International Justice, of treaty arrangements which are found to cause unnecessary friction. Even more important than that revision is the fulfilling of Allied obligations under the Versailles agreement. It is not too much to say that the necessity of facing this point makes the greatest crisis that has yet occurred in the history of the League. If ever it becomes clear that the League is powerless to see justice done between its members, then they will fall away from its membership, and chaos will come again. Eleven years have passed since the League was founded, and the drastic reduction of armaments, on the scale imposed on the defeated Powers, has not yet been effected. The matter must be settled this year. On genuine all-round reduction would seem to depend the disappearance of Hitlerism in Germany; if that faction gets the upper hand, then farewell to peace in Europe. President von Hindenburg, speaking on New Year's

¹ THE MONTH, Nov. 1910.

day, declared Germany's intention of insisting on disarmament. "I also agree with you," he said in reply to General Groener, the Minister of Defence, "that general disarmament is not only an obligation of international justice to Germany, but is also the surest means of securing real universal peace, and must, therefore, be striven for with all possible energy." It may, then, be assumed that Germany will press for the earliest possible date for the first meeting of the Plenary Disarmament Conference, on which the hopes of the future rest. Then will come the real testing of international honesty. Has war been altogether abandoned by the Powers as an instrument of policy? If so, simultaneously and as soon as may be, let them lay aside the means of making war. Unless security is thus sought by giving up the power of aggression, then Germany will be fully justified in following the French model, futile though it is, of security based on bayonets.

**European
Economic
Federation.**

Two days before the League Council meeting on January 19th, the second session of the Committee of Inquiry for the Economic Union of Europe was held at Geneva, under the presidency of M. Briand, with 16 other Ministers of Foreign Affairs, three Prime Ministers, and a number of ex-Foreign Ministers. It is right that M. Briand's plan for federating Europe economically should thus be taken seriously, for one of the worst consequences of the multiplication of independent States after the war was the short-sighted and ruinous tariff-struggle that began between them, and has continued unabated, to the detriment of the general prosperity. The present industrial troubles of the world are not due to the lack of markets, but to the thorough disorganization of the means of profitable distribution. Lately, the Rumanian Minister in London suggested how a remedy might be found for this disorder. "I believe," he said, "that the League of Nations will be called upon in the near future to convoke a kind of general financial conference, on the lines of the conference of 1920. If some international co-operation is not achieved, a catastrophe may befall the world, for exasperated humanity is losing patience." If M. Briand succeeds in convincing Europe of the advantage of economic co-operation, the idea may well spread to the whole earth.

**Censorship
in
Ireland.**

A particularly offensive cartoon in an English paper, in derision of the Irish censorship of indecent publications, recently threw a strong light on the pagan surroundings in which we live. For the cartoonist actually found his defenders, although the grossness of his work and its implications was abundantly manifest. The Dublin Government has a difficult task in trying

to follow a Christian standard in the midst of a community which contains large sections indifferent to Christianity. In this matter of censorship, which even a non-Christian State must exercise to protect its citizens and itself, Irish Ministers are sometimes accused of being timorous and half-hearted, afraid of being thought reactionary by the outside world. No doubt they fall short of the ideal. Yet the principle of excluding from the open market corrupt literary matter, likely to injure spiritual health, is the same that protects the purity of our bodily food. And if it be said that in this matter "one man's meat is another man's poison," that robust mental digestions can partake of "high" literary diet which would poison the weak, the answer is that the business of the State is precisely to protect the weak, to safeguard the many rather than the few. If the observance of a Christian standard of morality makes life in Ireland irksome for the neo-pagan, no one would regret his departure to a more suitable clime. The need of a vigorous effort to restore a more faithful adhesion to that standard in the public life of the country is admirably expressed in a pamphlet—"Catholic Action in Ireland"—by Father T. F. Ryan.

A Correction.

In an article in our December issue—"The Fathers: West Africa"—a statement was made to the effect that the great majority of Protestant missionaries had abandoned their posts in China, as a result of the civil war there. Our contributor relied for his statistics on a responsible paper, which turns out to have been misinformed. The associate editor of *The International Review of Missions*, in a courteous letter to Captain Fitzpatrick, points out that, so far from 7,500 out of 8,000 non-Catholic missionaries having retired, there were at the beginning of 1929 4,750 out of a possible 6,000 (allowing for those on furlough) in the various Protestant mission stations, and that the number was increasing. Very often Protestant missionaries have their wives and families to consider, and have, therefore, the more excuse for a temporary withdrawal from positions of danger. We cannot doubt that many amongst them are actuated by genuine apostolic zeal, and undergo many hardships in their endeavours to convert the Chinese millions, and we unite with our contributor in regretting that we should have seemed to depreciate those efforts. The more so that we learn from *The Tablet* (January 10th) that *The International Review of Missions* makes mention with approval of certain features of Catholic missions at home and abroad—their avoidance of nationalism and secular business, their unity amongst themselves, their linking up the prayer of the cloister with the activities of the mission field. That excellent American publication *Catholic Missions* (January, 1931) gives an inspiring account

of the present state of the Church in China, from the pen of Dom Maternus, O.S.B., showing that, in spite of persecution and pillage, "Catholic mission districts have increased since 1927 from 66 to 96; the number of priests from 2,901 to 3,420; of brothers from 519 to 780; and of sisters from 3,418 to 3,968. Churches and chapels have increased from 11,560 to 12,262." Although two missionary bishops were murdered last year, the number of native Bishops has doubled, and there are now twelve. The total Catholic population is 2½ millions.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Body, The Mystical, of Christ [B. V. Miller, D.D., in *Clergy Review*, Jan. 1931, p. 18].

Eucharistic Doctrine: Père de la Taille, S.J., and his critics [Rev. W. Moran, D.D., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Jan. 1931, p. 1].

Evolution: Catholic Views on [R. Lortal in *Revue Apologétique*, Jan. 1931, p. 39].

Matrimonial Consent and Divorce [E. J. Mahoney, D.D., in *Clergy Review*, Jan. 1931, p. 27].

Old Testament, In Defence of [W. H. McClellan in *America*, Dec. 13, 1930, p. 232].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-religious Campaign in Russia: Statistics [J. J. McGarrigle in *Commonweal*, Dec. 17, 1930, p. 177].

Christianity—How rejected by the World [W. J. Lonergan, S.J., in *America*, Dec. 20, 1930, p. 255].

Coulton on the Reformation refuted, Dr. [Rev. O. Dudley in *Catholic Gazette*, Jan. 1931, p. 9].

Cromwell and Irish Catholic Education [T. Corcoran, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Jan. 1931, p. 17].

God, The Idea of, according to Rationalists [Most Rev. Dr. Downey in *Clergy Review*, Jan. 1931, p. 3].

"Lay-Church" The, in France [B. Emonet in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1931, p. 8].

Liberty, Ignorance of its true nature in S. America [F. Larcegui in *America*, Dec. 13, 1930, p. 228].

Mexico, Recovery of Church in [Abbé Lugan in *Catholic Times and Universe*, Jan. 9, 1931].

Religions of the World compared to Catholicism [Dom Maternus, O.S.B., in *Southwark Record*, Jan. 1931, p. 12].

Socialism so far only Destructive [H. Somerville in *Columba*, Jan. 1931, p. 9].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Age of Consent: Reasons for raising [R. S. Devane, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Jan. 1931, p. 20].

Catechism, Cardinal Gasparri's New [Rev. F. H. Drinkwater in *The Sower*, Jan. 1931, p. 10].

Catholic Action: how taught in Germany [J. C. Joy, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Jan. 1931, p. 1].

Catholic Authors, Fewness of, in U.S.A. [F. Talbot, S.J., in *America*, Jan. 3, 1931, p. 316].

Catholic Hierarchy under Henry VIII., The [Fr. P. Hughes in *Clergy Review*, Jan. 1, 1931 p. 38].

Catholicity in Holland [J. Sassin, O.P., in *Revue Apologétique*, Jan. 1931, p. 76].

Children, Sufferings of, in non-Christian lands [Dr. Anna Dengel in *Medical Missionary*, Dec. 1930].

Eastern Churches (1) Various Names [D. A., in *Pax*, Jan. 1931, p. 230], (2) Means of Understanding [C. Bourgeois, S.J., *ibid.*, p. 232].

Education, Labour Government and Catholic [Sir J. Gilbert in *Dublin Review*, Jan. 1931, p. 16].

Hitlerism, Effects of, on Catholic Germany [R. d'Harcourt in *Etudes*, Jan. 5, 1931, p. 24].

Jewish Problem: Some Aspects [L. Escoula in *Revue Apologétique*, Jan. 1931, p. 53].

Liturgy, Place of, in Education [Abbot Alcuin, O.S.B., in *Orate Fratres*, Dec. 1930, p. 54].

Lynching, U.S. Southern Women organize against [*Commonweal*, Dec. 17, 1930, p. 172].

Money-Making versus Production [S. B. James in *Catholic Times*, Jan. 9, 1931, p. 11].

Peace, World, not a chimera [Abbé F. Wachtelaer in *La Cité Chrétienne*, Jan. 5, 1931, p. 213].

Polish Corridor: its bearing on Peace [G. N. Schuster in *Commonweal*, Dec. 24, 1930, p. 209].

Russia: Fate of Children in [H. Somerville in *Messenger of Sacred Heart*, Jan. 1931, p. 1].

Urbanization and Religion [W. J. Blyton in *Dublin Review*, Jan. 1931, p. 45].

Vivisection, Some Arguments against [B. V. Locock in *Catholic Gazette*, Jan. 1931, p. 14].

REVIEWS

I—DIVUS THOMAS¹

IT is very encouraging to note that interest in scholastic philosophy, of which St. Thomas is the chief exponent, continues to grow in this country, so long the home of misguided speculation and of a wasteful war of wits. It is computed that there are some two score English systems of philosophy existing, at any rate in books, either indigenous or derived from the German. Having no first principles and frequently denying the possibility of reaching any, what wonder that English philosophers, gifted and industrious as many are, spend their energies in demolishing each other's systems and never achieve any permanent result. From such futilities, Aristotle and St. Thomas would free them, and, in the second English edition (translated from the third revised French by Professor Bullough) of Etienne Gilson's *The Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas*, they have an easy means of becoming fully acquainted with the latter. We welcomed the first edition over six years ago, but this second is even more worthy of welcome. Two entirely new chapters have been added, besides a number of lesser changes. It would have been beside Professor Gilson's purpose to indicate the points in which progress in knowledge has made St. Thomas's speculations useless or inadequate; much of his Angelology, for instance, though interesting historically, would strike a scientific man as really "mediæval." There is room for such a "modernizing" of St. Thomas as would make that massive intellect look forward, as it in fact looks back, and would mitigate its severely metaphysical approach to all philosophic problems. St. Thomas to-day should assume the garb of a neo-scholastic. The pure gold is there in abundance, but the untrained intellects of to-day shrink from the task of mining. Professor Gilson's manual, however, fulfils its object, largely aided by the clear translation of Professor Bullough, of giving the reader the whole St. Thomas.

It would have shocked Dr. Jowett to find the name of St. Thomas in a Benn catalogue, and in a "Leaders of Philosophy" series, cheek by jowl with Leibniz, Spinoza, Descartes, and John Stuart Mill. Is Saul then also among the prophets? The prophets of philosophy, however, are only too often mere birds of passage, whilst there is a perdurable quality about the scholas-

¹ *Thomas Aquinas*. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. London: Benn. Pp. ix. 292. Price, 12s. 6d. *The Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas*, from "Le Thomisme" of Etienne Gilson. Fourth edition. Translated by E. Bullough, M.A. Cambridge: Heffer. Pp. xv. 372. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

ticism of St. Thomas, at once intellectual and objective, which must win him a hearing wherever the mists of religious prejudice do not obscure the vision of the seekers after truth.

The publishers have made a wise choice in asking Father D'Arcy to introduce St. Thomas to their readers. He performs the ceremony adequately and with no little grace of style. Admittedly he has a difficult subject for short treatment; for St. Thomas is not for him who runs to read. Yet in less than three hundred pages he has contrived concisely, though by no means superficially, to cover a very wide range.

The book is a master-piece of skilful compression. After twenty-four pages of background, and another twenty or so on the Life, Character, and Mind of St. Thomas, very sympathetically done, his teaching on Ontology, Major Logic, Natural Theology, Ethics, and Psychology (to use the terms customary in our schools) is set forth with a clarity of exposition, and a variety of illustration, which indicate at once the author's knowledge of his subject and his skill as a teacher.

The book, nevertheless, is not easy reading; although that is not the writer's fault. We can heartily commend it to teachers of philosophy and to their more advanced or more intelligent students. They will find in it a trustworthy analysis of St. Thomas's mind, and a clear exposition of the leading principles of his thought, not excluding the "Real Distinction." We may instance the account of the Act of Knowing (pp. 88 ff.) and that of Potency and Act (pp. 104 ff.).

There is an interesting section on the later history of Thomism, stressing the influence of Cajetan and John of St. Thomas. It is much to be regretted that in English philosophical speculation St. Thomas has been so much neglected in favour of the "philosophic doubt" of Descartes, developed by Locke and Berkeley into the naked and unashamed scepticism of Hume. Had St. Thomas's essential sanity of outlook prevailed, Europe might have been spared much for which misguided philosophical speculation was directly or indirectly responsible.

2—THE VULGATE REVISION. II.¹

THIS beautifully printed volume represents the second instalment of the great work of textual revision which, twenty-seven years ago, was entrusted to the care of a committee of Benedictine scholars, and upon which so much patient labour has been expended. In a brief preliminary notice Dom Quentin, the editor,

¹ *Biblia Sacra juxta Latinam Vulgatam Versionem: Libros Exodi et Levitici ex interpretatione S. Hieronymi*, recensuit D. Henricus Quentin, Rome: Libreria Vaticana. Pp. 485. 4to. Price, 200 lire. 1929.

pays an eloquent tribute to the memory of His Eminence, the late Cardinal Gasquet, who presided over the commission. He was, as is here aptly said, *urbanitate, benignitate, pietate vitaeque summa dignitate conspicuus*, and we can well believe that by the little group of his fellow workers in Rome the loss of his inspiring presence and encouragement has been deeply felt—*magnum sui desiderium Pater optimus nobis reliquit*. Naturally the arrangement followed in the previous volume has been consistently adhered to in its successor. As we pointed out in our earlier review, Dom Quentin's method of arriving at a decision when faced by controverted readings has not escaped criticism, but the apparatus provided is, after all, very abundant and there are few instances in which the biblical scholar has not now before him the materials upon which he can arrive at an independent judgment if he desires to do so. Probably the relatively trivial character of the modifications which the Benedictine revisers have found it necessary to make in the Clementine text will be a relief to many who cling to conservative views. A change of some importance is made in the wording of Exodus xxxviii. 24 where Dom Quentin holds that a phrase which stands in the Hebrew existed also in St. Jerome's version, but by some accident was omitted in the "archetype," and consequently is not found in any of our older MSS. except as a marginal annotation. On the other hand, the editor decides that a clause must be deleted which has crept into Exodus ii. 22, and we have such minor alterations as *dicis* for *vis* in Exodus ii. 14, and *attenderunt populi* in Exodus xv. 14 in place of *ascenderunt populi*, though this latter emendation is not altogether convincing. In any case specialists can only be grateful for the minute and careful pains of collation which have been expended upon a vast array of manuscripts and which are evidenced in every page of these two books of the Pentateuch. We trust that Dom Quentin, in spite of his varied activities, may be spared to edit many more volumes of a great undertaking so creditable not only to Catholic scholarship, but to the initiative and generosity of the Holy See.

3—THE ENGLISH REFORMATION¹

IT would be difficult to praise too highly this concise, clear, and accurate history of the reign of Henry VIII. and of the English Schism. The author, who is a Fellow of Liverpool University as well as a professor of the Paris Institut Catholique, has given a smooth-running narrative of the life of Henry, and almost every statement of importance is based on evidence and authorities which are cited in the copious notes printed at the end of the history.

¹ *La Réforme en Angleterre. Le Schisme Anglican. Henri VIII. (1509—1547).* Par l'Abbé G. Constant. Paris: Perrin. Price, 50.00 fr.

There are over two thousand of these notes—occupying 492 pages—in documentation of the 282 pages of the text. Our author makes a strong case for the contention that the charms of Anne Boleyn were only the accidental occasion for the divorce which led to the breach with Rome, and holds that the desire to have a male heir was the radical cause of the events which issued in the schism. He also shows Parliament to be a willing co-operator in effecting the breach and gives evidence of a great deal of "anti-clericalism" in both the Lords and Commons, mainly due to the wealth of the Church and jealousy of the privileged position of the clergy.

The book ought to be on the shelves of all teachers of history in our schools and colleges. It is to be hoped that the author will continue his history of the Reformation and that his further work will make clear to Continental readers the difference between Henry's schism, which left the English Church in a condition parallel to that of the Eastern Orthodox Schismatic Churches, and the Elizabethan "Church"—the present Anglican Established Church which had no ecclesiastical continuity with the pre-Reformation Catholic Church in this country.

4—"FREETHINKING" HISTORY¹

THESE lectures of Professor Bury were delivered in 1908 and are printed as delivered. They deal in the main with the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX., and with the Vatican Council. Though his Editor, in his introduction, claims that Dr. Bury approaches his talk "with the detached standpoint he exhibited in his life of St. Patrick and, indeed, in all his writings," a comparison of his account of the Vatican Council with that written by Abbot Butler which appeared almost simultaneously, reveals anything but an unbiassed and objective attitude towards the Papacy of the history of which he once declared: "I consider it the other side of the history of the freedom of thought."

He opens his lecture on the Syllabus with the statement that "when the temporal power of the Papacy was tottering to its fall, in consequence of the Liberal movement and the political ability of the Sardinian Government, Pius IX. flung down the gauntlet of challenge and defiance to Nineteenth Century civilisation." The Papacy was "as mediæval as ever in its attitude to modern society and civilization, and uncompromisingly hostile to the ideas which commanded the assent of the most civilized sections of mankind."

¹ *The History of the Papacy in the 19th Century.* By J. B. Bury, D.Lit., LL.D. Edited with a Memoir by Rev. R. H. Murray, Litt.D. London: Macmillan. Pp. lx. 165. Price, 10s. n.

It would be quite impossible here to discuss at length this foolish view or to express its folly by commenting in detail on the individual errors condemned in the Syllabus. Dr. Bury nowhere attempts to seek the true meaning of the theses grouped in the Syllabus, by reference to their content in the Papal documents from which they are selected, and thus his inferences and comments are at times quite unreliable. His commentary on the final thesis: "The Roman Pontiff cannot, and ought not to, reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, liberalism and modern civilization," recognizes that "ultramontanes in interpreting the thesis, distinguish between true and false civilization, true and false progress, and say that the Church is not opposed to true civilization," but regards such an obvious distinction as useless "for their true civilization means that which corresponds to the doctrine of the Roman Church, *i.e.*, mediævalism, and so the question is merely a verbal one." Nevertheless "civilization" has "progressed" in such a way during the last half-century that the history of the "civilized world" during the period is the best justification for the thesis of Pius IX.

The third and longest part of the book deals with the Vatican Council. It is sufficient here to recommend that it be read with the corrective of Abbot Butler's history to which we have drawn attention, and which was reviewed in the November issue of *THE MONTH*. The last twenty pages give a brief history of the Italian revolution and loss of the temporal power, and the last sentence of the book recognizes that "the Papacy, based as it is on mediæval ideas, has maintained and in many ways increased its moral power and influence, in an atmosphere which is repugnant to it, in the midst of social and political institutions, tendencies and ideas to which it is fundamentally opposed." To which inaccuracy we may reply: The Papacy has not merely survived: it has grown and flourished, because it is based on the Rock, and Christ's promise is still valid: "The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against My Church."

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

IT is common knowledge that the continuation of the Vatican Council, to which many are looking forward, may see the declaration, as an article of Faith, of the Assumption of Our Lady. In any case, a work, bringing together both the history and the theology that bears upon the feast and the belief is very welcome. Such a work is *Mary's Assumption*, by Raphael V. O'Connell, S.J. (America Press: \$1.50). The author

begins by finding the first historical evidence of the belief in the apocryphal gospels, giving us reasons why it need not, on that account, be repudiated, along with other stories. After discussions concerning the fact and nature of Our Lady's death, and the meaning of the Assumption, he then traces backwards the tradition in the Church, first among the Latins, then among the Greeks, and finally in the Sacred Liturgy. He then takes up what may be called the theological argument, from prescription, from Scripture, and from Reason, subdividing the last, very rightly, into separate considerations of Our Lady's prerogatives. He concludes with perhaps the strongest argument of all, *i.e.*, the consequences if we were to suppose that the teaching was untrue. It is an exhaustive work, which will be easily interpreted by lovers of Our Lady, though it may leave "outsiders" unconvinced.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

An admirable and very full treatment of the subject of Mixed Marriages, *De Matrimonii Mixtis Eorumque Remediis*, by Father F. Ter Haar, C.S.S.R., has recently appeared (Marietti: 11.00 l.). The book deals with the Church's prohibition of mixed marriages, the dangers of them, reasons for and against dispensations, the guarantees exacted by the Church, and the antidotes against such marriages. The chapter on the perils of such unions would provide priests with abundant matter for instructions. In an Appendix, the author has collected statistics from Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England, and the States. A very timely book in view of the recent Papal Encyclical.

Catholic Moral Teaching in its Relation to Medicine and Hygiene (Herder: 9s.), is a translation and adaptation by Fr. H. J. Eggemann, of a work of Dr. Surbled. This volume contains chapters on the human organism in Health, Disease, and Death. As the original was the work of a doctor, it was at the time of publication some years ago a successful attempt to solve several medico-moral problems. The moralist of to-day has to face more serious and more complex problems, but the general principles laid down by Dr. Surbled are applicable. Such subjects as embalming, cremation, hysteria, drug-taking, signs of death, are as actual now as before, and the handling of problems as effective as it could be. The translation and adaptation are excellently done, the type is easy to read, and the format pleasant. The price of the book suffers as usual, from the application of American values to this country, and will unfortunately tend to limit its circulation. A book without that handicap might appeal to the public at five shillings.

A new edition has been published of Fr. Cappello's treatise *De Pœnitentia* (Univ. Greg. Rome: 33.00 l.). Those students who have used his works, as the reviewer has done for years, know that they are of outstanding merit. The treatment of the Sacraments is what it ought to be, namely, both moral and canonical. The present edition has an appendix on the discipline of the Oriental Uniate Church. It comprises chapters on jurisdiction, confessors, the seal, the form of absolution, the subject, time and place of confession, reserved cases, indulgences. The appendix consists of twenty-seven pages. For students in this

country this additional matter will be rather of theoretical than of practical interest.

CANON LAW.

The second part of the first volume of the Commentary on the *Codex Juris* has just come to hand—*Commentarium Lovaniense in C.J., Vol. I, Tomus II, de Legibus Ecclesiasticis*, by A. Van Hove, (Dessain: 40.00 fr.). The first part, *Prolegomena*, we noticed as long ago as June 1929. This work is an exhaustive commentary on the first twenty-four canons of the Codex. Every page is marked by exact thought, astonishing erudition, and quite unusual clarity. The author, though an independent worker, acknowledges his indebtedness to his predecessors in this field, namely, Fr. Vermeersch and Fr. Creusen. He far surpasses those authors in the fullness of the treatment and the extent of the bibliography. The discussion on the nature of purely penal laws (p. 157), interior acts (p. 175), the incidence of Church law in the case of heretics (p. 201), are of particular interest in view of preceding controversies. This work of so erudite a canonist will be appreciated by the learned, and referred to by all who wish to have a full understanding of the early canons in the *Codex Juris*.

PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Glenn, the author of a well-known *History of Philosophy* for students, professes that subject in the college of St. Charles Borromeo, Columbus, U.S.A. Like his history he has written his *Ethics* (Herder: 7s. n.) as a manual for class use. For this purpose it is excellent,—clear, well-arranged and not beyond the mental scope of beginners. There is, naturally, no attempt at original thought or subtle analysis, the ordinary lines of the usual text-books being closely followed. It represents a praiseworthy effort to introduce an elementary knowledge of philosophy into schools at an earlier age than we are accustomed to here and we trust advantage will be taken of it.

It may be difficult to establish, keeping to natural reason and evidence only, the immortality of the human soul. This, however, is attempted in *Immortality, Essays on the Problem of Life after Death*, by the Rev. Theodore Mainage, O.P., translated from the fourth French Edition, by the Rev. J. M. Lelen (Herder: 8s.). The author examines, or rather restates in his own original way, the arguments drawn from the Universe, from the Soul of Man, from Mind and Conscience and Reason, and from the human sense of Eternity. These arguments are well developed; they will convince or not according to the mental outlook of him who hears them. At least they must shake the conviction of one who affects to deny immortality altogether.

In *Grundlegung der Erkenntnistheorie* (Carolus-Druckerie, Frankfurt: 10.50 m.), Fr. C. Nink, S.J., elaborates the groundwork for a system of Epistemology. His purpose is to inquire into those propositions which lie at the foundation of any philosophical system. The problems chiefly ventilated among present German thinkers are dealt with in a resolute manner: the first laws of Thoughts and Things are lucidly analysed, the process of our intellectual activity is critically reviewed, and the relation of thought to object discussed at length. Special reference is made to

the views of Hegel, whose strong influence on Continental thought justified the author in his trenchant criticism. The fact that Fr. Nink gives a positive, not an apologetic, exposition of modern Scholasticism may have prevented him from dealing with all the difficulties which might be raised. Modern questions are examined and answered by the traditional teaching of Aristotle and St. Thomas. By this attitude the author puts his discussions, perhaps against his intention, on a definite metaphysical basis. His volume thus renders "its positive service towards truth" by showing how, long ago, the most intricate problems were handled and brought towards a solution.

The same author has written a *Kommentar zu Kants Kritik der reinen Vernunft* (Same price and publishers), giving first a summary account of the scholastic teaching with regard to cognition. Fr. Nink's exposition brings well out how we can derive necessary and universal truths from the contingent Universe, and particular sense-perceptions. Then Kant's system is discussed in short paragraphs, after each of which a scholarly criticism shows its weak and its strong points. The author comes to the conclusion that, from the very outset, Kant misconceived the relation of abstract knowledge to objects of experience; so accordingly his line of thought, logically pursued, could not but result in the theory which he actually reached. The problem of Kant is a genuine one which has been discussed and answered by the Scholastics in a satisfactory way. Fr. Nink's book conveys the impression, that what handicapped the great philosopher was his ignorance of the treasury of past philosophical knowledge, and his attempt to combine Rationalism and Empiricism in his own individual reasoning. The logical soundness of Fr. C. Nink's critical exposition will appeal to anyone looking for guidance on those fundamental questions.

APOLOGETIC.

Out of the evil of the "Action Française" Providence has drawn, amongst other good things, a philosophic statement of the due relations of Church and State, from the pen of M. Jacques Maritain, which he calls *La Primauté du Spirituel*. This has been well translated into English by Mr. J. F. Scanlan, under the title, *The Things that are not Caesar's* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), and is in effect a treatise on the right of the Church to intervene in secular affairs when spiritual interests are at stake. She exercised that right when she condemned the "Action Française," a political body inculcating false notions of the nature and claims of patriotism; and, using that action as a text, M. Maritain explains the Catholic principles which justify it. The Church cannot bate her claim to denounce heresy and immorality wherever found, for that is her very *raison d'être*: it is well to have her claim so magisterially expounded, for, though the world as such will never admit it, men of good will can be convinced of its soundness.

DEVOTIONAL.

All about the Rosary, its history and practice, may be found in a Latin manual for directors of Confraternities and their members—*De Rosario B.M. Virginis* (Marii e Marietti: 10.00 l.), by Fr. L. I. Fanfani,

O.P. The author devotes only a few pages to the history, and, while recognizing that there is no contemporary evidence to connect the devotion with St. Dominic, contents himself with recording the "antiquissima traditio" which ascribes its origin to the Saint, and concentrates on the more practical question of making it more thoroughly understood and practised to-day.

A famous prayer is pondered over, in a fashion prescribed by St. Ignatius, in the booklet called *Anima Christi* (America Press: 30 c.), by Fr. F. LeBuffe. It will serve as an excellent model for the application of the same fruitful method to other prayers. In *Mariée?.. Religieuse?.. Vieille Fille?..* (La Vie Chrétienne, Lyon: 1.00 fr.), Père M. A. Bellouard, O.P., discusses the signs, the duties, the consolations and privileges of these three forms of vocation, in a thoughtful series of candid and edifying talks.

A work evidently founded on wide experience is *Retreats for Catholic Girls and Women*, by the Very Rev. Paul Stiegele, adapted from the German by the Rev. Charles Keyser (Herder: 5s.). The volume contains nine meditations, each of which is divided into two parts, on the subjects of the purgative way, concluding with the Passion and the Love of God. Two conferences, eminently practical, are added, on the Virtues of Maidenhood, and on the Duties of the Wife and Mother.

In a series of short chapters, each followed by an illustrative story, M. le Chanoine Millot, Vicar-General of Versailles, gives us a somewhat new way of dealing with the devotion to Our Lady in *La très Sainte Vierge et la Purgatoire* (Téqui: 10 fr.). The argument flows naturally from the thought of Mary herself; in heaven and on earth she is this and that, therefore she is this and that in regard to the holy souls in purgatory.

Under the title, *Le Culte du Cœur eucharistique de Jésus* (Téqui: 6.50 fr.), R. P. Lemnis publishes six conferences, full of warmth and zeal, uniting happily the doctrine of the Sacred Heart with that of the Blessed Sacrament, thus making the Sacred Heart the crown of the mysteries of faith, the source of all grace, the means of thanksgiving. The divisions are carefully arranged, thus making application easy.

A special application of the teaching of St. Francis de Sales, is contained in *De l'Art d'être malade, ou Comment on se sanctifie dans la maladie à l'école de St. François de Sales* (Téqui: 4.50 fr.). The title speaks for itself, the line of argument any lover of St. Francis can guess; he is always happy, he sees matter for thanksgiving everywhere, he can always thank and love. This little book will be a help to many a sufferer.

The popularity of the writings of Père Raoul Plus, S.J., in England as well as in France, confirms our impression of him as the brightest of modern spiritual writers. It is not that he says much that is new, though, especially when dealing with the mystical life of Christ, he is always original and enlightening; it is rather the clearness of his statement, the balance of his thought, the aptness of his illustration, that make it a delight to be guided by him. All these qualities are manifest in his new brochure of 177 pages, *L'Eucharistie* (Flammarion: 10 fr.), a new volume in the series, "Les Sacrements." The body of the work

goes through the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, but the introduction and the conclusion are quite the author's own.

As a means of "having within us the mind which is in Christ Jesus" especially when He was consummating our Redemption, Père Sertilanges, O.P., invites us to consider *Ce que Jésus voyait du Haut de la Croix* (Flammarion: 12.00 fr. n.), in other words, to take Our Lord's place on the Cross, to "put on the Lord Christ," in that sense, and to gather from what His dying eyes beheld, what must then have passed through His human consciousness. Written in Jerusalem itself, these reflections on the Passion are inspired by the atmosphere of the place, and controlled by exact topographical knowledge. Calvary itself, Mount Zion, the Temple, the Cenacle, the Mount of Olives, the crowds, the Tomb, and finally the opened Heavens,—all these details of the actual panorama are used to convey what their meaning was in Our Lord's life and purpose, by one to whom their history in themselves is very familiar. Both knowledge and edification profit as a result.

Not unlike in design to a former work on Our Lady by the same author, Father Albert Power, S.J., develops thoughtful meditations on her Spouse and Protector in *Why we Honour St. Joseph* (Herder: 5s.). The author finds three reasons for that honour,—his dignity, his virtues, his work. These are illustrated each by eight titles in the Litany of St. Joseph. Father Power, therefore, divides the Litany into three parts, gives to each title a chapter, and from it draws an apt reflection on the saint, for his greater honour and glory. Subdivisions, with headings in italics, make this book of devotion doubly useful.

Readers of German will long have known the learned work by Father Karl Richstaetter, S.J., on the forerunners of St. Margaret Mary. In *Illustrious Friends of the Sacred Heart*, we are given a much-abridged translation of that work, by Margaret L. Merriman (Sands: 3s. 6d.), though the abridgment has not been made at the expense of anything, or of any name, historically important. Of course such a work as this is not likely to be exhaustive; as he reads the hagiologist may be able to suggest other examples. Nevertheless, the volume is a valuable addition to the history of the devotion, while the numerous quotations cannot but stimulate the devotion itself.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Following the example of others of his craft, an artist monk of Beuron, Dom Willibrord Verkade, O.S.B., has written the story of his early wanderings until he found the truth, in *Yesterdays of an Artist-Monk*; the English version being by our now well-known translator, Mr. John L. Stoddard (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 7s. 6d.). It is a strange, almost a pathetic story; of one who had to begin with literally no light at all, whose art taught him that something was missing yet gave him no hope of finding it, who finally found the truth through loyalty to "the true, the good, and the beautiful," helped at last and always by the grace of God. The author does not hide the facts that might have made for his undoing, or those that helped to the light; many characters, moreover, pass across the pages whose names are known to us all. But in spite of these many interesting sidelights the

main interest is the author himself, as he describes his reactions to the influences that gradually lead him on. From time to time, as he tells his story, he seems to step aside and look on life around; to many these generalizations will be not the least impressive or instructive parts of the book.

We have more than once of late, had occasion to welcome the publications of records giving us the fruits, in individual lives, of the Catholic Revival in England and Ireland, during the first half of the last century. In **Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist**, by the Rev. Joseph Smith, C.P., we are given another of these inspiring studies. Coming of a noble Irish family, with a character, a personality, an ambition, and circumstances which were bound to secure him a high place in the world, this son of grace seemed from the first to know that he was born for higher things. The Tractarian Movement caught his sympathy; in its wake he became a Catholic; called to yet more he entered the novitiate of the Passionists; in due time he was appointed to found the Congregation of the Passion in Ireland; he did his work and died, at the early age of thirty-five. Such is the simple story; but the fact that to-day, after more than seventy years, his memory is still fresh, and his name is still held in benediction, testifies sufficiently to the worth of one whom God has blessed. The portrait here given is simple and almost plain; but it brings home to us all the more, what a truly loveable man Charles Reginald Pakenham, once Captain of the Grenadier Guards, and then Passionist, must have been.

The first edition of **Fr. William Doyle, S.J., C.F.**, by Prof. A. O'Rahilly, appeared in 1920,—a volume of some 360 pages, which cost 9s. It now has reached a fourth edition (sixth impression), has grown to over 600 pages, and is priced at 7s. 6d. n. (Longmans). The author as is well known, stimulated by criticism, some of it ill-informed, has developed his biography into an ascetical treatise, and has used the inner spiritual life of his subject to illustrate the main lines of Christian perfection. Accordingly, his book has become, in effect, an exposition of the mystery of the Cross, from which a sensual age is ever trying to avert its gaze. Hence its continued appeal to all who are emulous of moral perfection; hence the eagerness wherewith it has been welcomed abroad, translated already into six European languages; hence the growing list of alleged favours received through Father Doyle's intercession, a selection of which is included in an Appendix. This "spiritual study," as the author rightly terms it, will continue its useful function of furthering sound views on asceticism, as well as devotion to the holy Jesuit who embodied them so heroically.

The same result may be expected from **Father Willie** (Irish Messenger Office: 2d.) which, after a short résumé of Father Doyle's heroic life, gives a series of appreciations of his character from very many sources and a large selection from many thousands of spiritual and temporal favours ascribed to his interest.

The beautifully printed and illustrated volume called **For Joan of Arc** (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), consisting of essays in praise of various aspects of the Saint's character and exploits, by nine members of the French Academy, illustrated both in colour and in line from old pictures, comes to us in English without any mention of a French

original, or the name of its translator. Taking it, then, as it stands, it is a worthy memorial of the fifth centenary of the Maid's death which occurs this year. As a national heroine as well as a Catholic saint, she is a much needed bond of unity between Frenchmen, and a means too, of uniting the French and English peoples in veneration of a common ideal of patriotism. The combined essays, each from the hand of an expert, give a very vivid impression of the genuinely supernatural character of St. Joan's greatness.

HISTORICAL.

Miss Trevelyan's **William III. and the Defence of Holland 1672-1674** (Longmans: 21s. n.), is a work of far less merit than her father's *Blenheim*. Painstaking it certainly is, but it lacks graphic power. Comparatively, it is a dull book. Miss Trevelyan is of opinion that "the actual circumstances of Louis XIV's conquest of a third part of the Dutch Republic, the resistance offered by the Dutch, and the important part played throughout by the young William III. . . are but imperfectly comprehended in England, for lack hitherto of an historian"; yet there is nothing of value in the present book, that cannot be found in the older histories or in translations of foreign works. Her hero is William III., rather, we fancy, because he overthrew the Catholic James II., and foiled the ambitious designs of the Catholic Louis XIV., than for any engaging qualities of his own; for, despite heroics about the high-souled character of William, and the villainy of his opponents, chiefly Louis XIV., she fails to make him in the least an attractive personality. The reader's sympathy, if to anyone, goes out to John de Witt, whose murderers William took no steps to punish, leaving thereby an indelible stain on his own memory. William III.'s reasons for resisting Louis XIV. moreover, were primarily political, not religious. Miss Trevelyan writes with indignation that the use of English Ambassadors as "agents for sedition in a country with which they were about to enter into negotiations for peace, reveal the depths to which English diplomacy had sunk under Charles II." We have no desire to defend such conduct; but it is well for the enthusiastic admirer of William to remember that such conduct appears white compared to the base intrigues of himself and his ambassador with the minister of James II., with whom he was at peace, and with all the sordid treachery and falsehood that heralded the "Glorious Revolution."

A book which requires three Introductions by three different pens would seem to call for special consideration. This is the case with the "authorized translation" of **A Revolution and its Leader**, by Auguste Turati (Alexander-Ouseley: 10s. 6d.). It has a Foreword by Signor Mussolini, an Introduction by Father Benedict Williamson, and a further Introduction by the author himself. Yet we must confess to being somewhat disappointed. The book contains some 200 pages, in large type and with broad margins; for its price we might well have expected more. It is made up of sundry selections from the addresses of the famous Fascist orator, some of them not a page long, in spite of the large type and the margins. Why they are selected, for what reason they are considered worthy of special preservation, we must confess we

are not always clear. It is true the general effect is to bring home to the reader the enthusiasm on which Fascism has been fed; but it is an enthusiasm which will not wholly appeal to the ordinary English reader. Perhaps the main object of the book is to let us see how utterly Fascism is opposed to Democracy. It is devotion to one man, and Turati does not conceal it; if this is the purpose of the selections, to this extent the book has succeeded.

The chief interest in the study called **The Franciscans** (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), by Father James, O.S.F.C., is his explanation of the manner in which, and the reason why, the ideals of the Founder came to be embodied in three main groups, sufficiently distinct to be governed separately, and consequently not wholly seen in any one of them—a phenomenon which is visible in the history of no other Order, except perhaps the Carmelites. Father James shows that it was the needs of the Church as well as the inability of all his followers to attain the sublime simplicity of the Poverello, which diverted and extended the original conception of St. Francis; with the result that there are now, as we read on p. 56, three Franciscan families—"the Friars Minor, comprising nearly 19,000 religious, the Friars Minor Conventual, to the number of 1,700, and the Friars Minor Capuchin, who number about 10,500 religious." For the rest Father James, whose book is a model of historical compression, gives a clear and attractive account of the spirit that animates the whole Order,—the imitation of Christ in His contemplative life of prayer and in His apostolate of action, and an intense devotion to His Church.

We may mention here **The Capuchin Annual for 1931** (Father Mathew Record Office: 2s.), which gives a vivid impression of the activities of the Irish Capuchins. It is a volume of 256 pages, containing upwards of fifty articles and stories, not all indeed by Franciscans, for the editors have welcomed contributions from all quarters, lay and clerical, but evincing a great width and variety of interest in the special contributions of the Order. It is profusely illustrated and excellently printed, and altogether offers a feast of learning and entertainment such as is rarely met with, and too copious, alas, to be adequately noticed here.

HOMILETICAL.

There is rather material for discourses than the finished product in **Sermons for Sundays and Feasts**, by the Rev. John A. Whelan, O.S.A. (Herder: 12s.). The title-page describes the book as: Sermons for the High Mass, or the Principal Mass, for every Sunday, Holy Day, and important Festival of the Year. Each sermon, besides being attached to its own special day, is also given its own title, so that the reader may have a guide to enable him to select a sermon for other occasions. One characteristic of the work is its abundant use of Scripture, both of the Old Testament and the New.

Another volume of sermons, by the popular American preacher and writer, the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., comes to us under the title **Jesus and Mary** (Herder: 7s.). It is described as "A series of sermons preached on various occasions." It contains some forty discourses, or notes for discourses, dealing with Our Lady, the Incarnation, the Life, Passion,

and Resurrection of Our Lord, and other allied subjects. Subdivisions, all numbered, will help the student who would wish to make use of the material contained in this volume, whether for spiritual reading or for the pulpit.

POETRY.

All through Viola Meynell's poems as collected in *The Frozen Ocean* (Secker: 7s. 6d.) there is a sense of a joy in life that comes rather from the discovery that life is wildly lovable than that life is happy.

Everything interests her in an intense and vital way and excites her love so much that she possesses everything; every breath of air and drop of the sea is hers. Yet bound up with her enjoyment—so much so that it is essential to her enjoyment—is a sense of profound tragedy. In every aspect of life she finds sadness, but it is this very sadness that gives her her love of life.

The title poem, "The Frozen Ocean," shows the reader at once one quality of nature that stirs in her the deepest melancholy, and that is coldness. She sees an old horse in an icy, bleak field, and she prays:

"O Sun, I prayed as I went past,
'If that great day of life draws near
When you shall bless this world at last,
Let your first beam fall here!'"

In another poem she wakes up in the middle of the night and realizes that it is snowing, and she says:

"O whiteness of frosted Andes,
Stretch not so far your hand!
Leave to my night its blackness,
Its verdure to my land.
O distant frozen oceans,
O Northern plains of snow,
Leave to my South its sweetness,
Life to its streams that flow."

And "The maid in the ricefields" says, urging the grain to grow:

"And if the sun you seek denies his dart,
Behold my burning heart."

But, even while reading these plaintive poems, you feel that their author would love life less, if she did not meet coldness there.

Some of the poems concern tormenting dreams, and yet, awaking, Miss Meynell does not rejoice that the dream is only a dream, but she weeps still for the dream-creature to whom imagination has given life—and suffering. Thus, she would not purchase a lower sensibility by the sacrifice of any degree of her creative fancy. In her poems of human love, what rouses her emotions is rather the impossibility of true union and possession in love than any sure and permanent fulfilment. A girl in "Arab Love" says:

"If I could bind water, I might bind him.
If I could find snow
In the burning desert, I might find him
When he would go.

If I could hold the wind, then I might hold him,
 My own love to me.
 O my heart, O never, never to enfold him,
 Whose life is free!"

Thus she seems to love love the better for its human imperfections.

It is a pity that this volume is issued for the "fit though few," in a limited and expensive edition, for these are poems that everyone should read. They will bear study for their outward beauty is itself a veil for more hidden loveliness, like the petals of a half-opened flower. And they may stand without any incongruity alongside the works of an elder poet, who would recognize her own genius in another generation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

French Construction for Continuous Prose (Oxford University Press: 3s. 6d.), by A. C. Rylance, deals in a capable manner with the difficulties that beset the teacher and the taught in this branch of learning. The author shows not only that he has a practical knowledge of these difficulties, but that he has also overcome them. Hence, a careful study of the book should do much to remove the obstacles found by those engaged in the task of translating and re-translating. For it takes note of many harassing points which grammars and dictionaries generally overlook, yet which are essential for a thorough knowledge of the language.

No one need fear in reading **Impressions and Comments** (Constable: 6s. n.), by Mr. Havelock Ellis, to meet with anything unpleasant. The book was originally published in 1924 as the third and final volume of a series of diary reflections on art, music, philosophy, and travel. The lack of continuity in this sort of publication and the variety of topics which succeed each other make it an easy book to pick up and read at odd moments, and the charm of the style, even should the topic chanced on be in itself uninteresting to the reader, makes it hard to lay the volume aside.

A most interesting volume, and a splendid object-lesson, is provided in **Catholic Education in New South Wales**, by the Rev. Brother Urban Corrigan (Angus and Robertson, Sydney: 3s. 6d.). The author gives, from authentic documents, the story of what the Catholic Church has done for the education of New South Wales, and what lack of recognition she has met with. Apparently the educational policy there is much the same as, or worse than, it is in other parts of the British Commonwealth; in spite of the fact that the Catholics of New South Wales are not a negligible minority, nor have deserved ill of their country. The paradox of the educational controversy is especially manifest in this volume. The authorities, presumably, believe in the Christian Faith and that training in the Christian Faith is an essential element in education. Nevertheless, they penalize anyone who dares to teach it. English readers will be specially interested to read of the important part played by Archbishop Roger Bede Vaughan in the struggle for justice. Yet even he failed; in a real sense Catholic education is penalized to-day in Australia, where a quarter of the people is Catholic, more than it is in England. Nevertheless, the author does not regard this as wholly evil. He sees that it has its good side, for to it he attributes both the health of the Catholic schools and the strength of the Catholic Faith in the whole dominion. To be persecuted is not an unmixed evil; to be pampered by Government may not be an unmixed good.

It may be taken as an indication of their happy attainment of complete maturity that our English Catholic clergy have at last been provided with a monthly periodical of their own, one meant to be a reflex of their cultural standard and an expression of their professional interests. In January appeared the first number of **The Clergy Review**, the Editorial board of which is composed of the Presidents of the English Seminaries at home and abroad and presided over by the Archbishop of Liverpool,—the effective editors being the Rector of Old Hall and the vice-Rector of Upholland. It is attractively got up and runs to 116 pages, crown 8vo. It is published by subscription at 20s. per annum, but a limited number of copies may be obtained at 2s. 6d. n. Judging by this first issue, the foundations of the enterprise seem to be well and truly laid. It contains five substantial articles, a Homiletic section, surveys of recent work in Theology, both Catholic and non-Catholic, Philosophy and Science, a selection of Roman Documents and the usual review matter. It will be seen that the needs of the busy parochial clergy are abundantly catered for, whilst scholars are provided with matter for discussion and guidance in research. The fact that the fortunes of the periodical are linked with those of that flourishing journal, *The Universe*, which is both proprietor and publisher, is a further guarantee for its permanence.

Three new members of the "English Heritage Series" deal with subjects as diverse as **The English Constitution**, by Sir Maurice Amos; **The English Parish Church**, by A. R. Powys, and **The English Inn**, by Thomas Burke (Longmans: each 3s. 6d. n.). Since Bagehot's classic treatise the English constitution has developed in various ways and there is room for another discussion of its character, of equal clearness and brevity, such as Sir M. Amos has so excellently provided. Now that so much dissatisfaction is felt with the present form of Parliamentary suffrage, one might have expected some mention of its defects and of the proposed remedies. Mr. A. R. Powys, in treating of the English parish church, does not dwell upon the change in its character introduced by the Reformation, nor discriminate clearly enough between pre- and post-Reformation usages. But as the bulk of his book is concerned with the evolution of the parish, and the architecture and fittings of the church, there is little enough scope for matters of religious controversy in the rich mine of antiquarian lore that is developed here. A wonderful knowledge of the hostelrys of the country is utilized in Mr. Thomas Burke's book on the Inn. One wonders whether he ever had time to sleep at home, so minute and universal is his acquaintance with the lodgings afforded in town and country by what he calls "these homes once removed." Even a Prohibitionist might read without annoyance this gossip record, which embodies much English history, local and national, in its humorous pages.

The Catholic theory of education is reasonable and simple. All the faculties should be trained to fulfil the double end of creation—a virtuous life in this world and the attainment of happiness in the next. Knowledge of God and of the various motives for serving Him, as a means of forming good habits, is obviously the most essential part of education; hence the duty of God's Church to procure or provide this knowledge for all her members. The volume entitled **English Education**:

1789—1902 (Cambridge University Press: 21s. n.), by Professor J. W. Adamson, is, in effect, a record, carefully-compiled and well-documented of the gradual degradation of English educational ideals from the Christian to the secular: the practical exclusion of man's duty to God from the scope of education, caused by the State taking the place of the Church in the training of the young. The Professor's treatment is mainly objective, but he makes it plain that, for want of a clear idea of the nature and purpose of education the usurpation on the part of the State of practically sole control has not resulted in the progress hoped for. Although he speaks without prejudice of the aims and efforts of Catholics, we nowhere find recognition of the essence of the Catholic claim, viz., that the parent has a right which the State is bound to respect, to have his child educated in his own faith. The volume omits the history of the last thirty years, the most striking feature of which, has been the uphill struggle conducted by the Catholic body to maintain the religious character of their schools. Once the principle is admitted that morality must be based on dogmatic religion, it is obvious that in the interests of the State itself, denominational education should be supported. The author at anyrate does not attack it.

The Columbia University Press is issuing a number of valuable monographs called "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law," of which Series Number 325 is called **The Church of England and Social Reform Since 1854** by Donald O. Wagner, Ph.D. (\$5.25). The author draws upon a very copious list of sources, and traces a very gradual realization amongst Church people, and the public generally, of the rights of the labouring classes, and the various organizations which grew up amongst Anglicans to further Social Reform. Most of these have apparently come to an end; not, however, without fulfilling their object. Lack of fixed social principles in Anglicanism has made the author's task a very difficult one, and he cannot be blamed if the impression of his Church's activities is somewhat vague.

A vast amount of artistic, historical and topographical lore has gone to the making of **Rome** (Arnold and Co.: 7s. 6d. n.), by Mr. F. S. Burnell, who explains the attraction of the City for the English, by the fact that much Roman blood must flow in their veins, owing to the long years during which southern England was a Roman province! He himself certainly has yielded himself wholly to that attraction, and made a most minute study of the Holy City and its history. Not a Catholic, he is sometimes astray in his statements about Catholic doctrine, and sometimes prejudiced in his estimates of character and motive, but, speaking generally, his book with its helpful illustrations, should be of the utmost interest to visitors with leisure to follow its guidance.

The Bishop of Chichester has done much service to ecclesiastical students, by collecting a second series of **Documents on Christian Unity** (Humphrey Milford: 6s. n.), which contains the chief pronouncements on the subject during the years 1924—30. The two series together embrace the decade between the sixth and seventh Lambeth Conferences, and, to the careful observer, indicate that what really divides Christendom, is simply a difference of opinion or conviction as to what Christ meant to do, and did, in founding His Church. One document in this second series—the famous *Mortalium Animos*—states the traditional and

unchanging Catholic conception with such frankness and lucidity as to exclude any possibility of compromise. Christ founded only one Church which remains one Church, and has its centre and Seat of Government in Rome, and continues to display the distinguishing Notes wherewith He endowed her. A large proportion of the book, nearly eighty pages, is devoted to the South India Church problem, which could be solved in a moment, if only Anglicanism could bring itself to declare whether Episcopacy is of the *esse* or only of the *bene esse* of the Church.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Father E. E. Kilburn discloses a thrilling romance of the Penal times in his C.T.S. pamphlet **Blessed Nicholas Owen, Maker of Hiding Places**. In this he tells of one who chose to forgo worldly prosperity to walk a thorny way instead—that of using his ingenuity and skill in making innumerable hiding places for priests—a path which led him into constant peril, and at last to the unspeakable torments which terminated in a martyr's crown. Other 2d. pamphlets include Father Leycester King's admirable **Way to End the Leakage**, reprinted from our own pages, and, we trust, destined to lead national action in this matter; **A Talk with Catholic Wives**, by a Catholic Woman Doctor, and Father Sidney Smith's **Communion Under One Kind**—in their fortieth and fourteenth thousand respectively. The lives of the saints are represented by **St. Mildred and Her Kinsfolk**, and Dom Bede Camm's **The Martyr Monk of Manchester** (Blessed Ambrose Barlow, O.S.B.). Lady Cecil Kerr's pamphlet **The Miraculous Medal** has reached its fifteenth thousand, and **Bishop Milner** by Canon E. H. Burton its seventeenth. **The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius** arranged in prayers, will introduce that Spiritual Classic to those who have not attempted to study the original work. In the fiction series we have **Broadmeadows** and **Mary Clare** both by G. H. Stevenson, **Renunciation** by Alice Oxley, and **The Colonial makes his Stand** by the novelist, B. R. Sutton.

The America Press, New York, continues its excellent collection—**The Catholic Mind**. Numbers 21, 22, and 23 (1930: 5 cents each), contain, among other good things, "Our Lady's Presentation," "Mass behind the Altar Rail," and "The Church and Citizenship."

Archbishop Dowling has added yet further to the innumerable books on St. Teresa of Lisieux, by his **In Honour of the Little Flower**, a novena and triduum with suggestions for sermons and readings, price, 10 cents, obtainable from the Irish C.T.S.

The Piccadilly Fountain Press (Henry Sotheran Ltd.), has undertaken to republish the novels of Dickens and Thackeray in periodical Parts, as the earlier ones originally appeared, with the original plates and in something like the old format. The first to appear will be "Pickwick" and "Vanity Fair," each in 20 parts at 1s. each. Meanwhile the Press has issued the first out of 5 monthly parts of a volume, dealing with the early life of Charles Dickens and called **Green Leaves** the author of which, is Mr. J. H. Stonehouse, and the price of each part 1s. Mr. Stonehouse has been able to utilize new documents, unknown to Dickens's other biographers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- BLACKWELL, Oxford.**
Reservation and Catholicity. By Canon Villiers and Dr. Coulton. Pp. 103. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**
Le Dogme et la Philosophie du Bouddhisme. By L. de la V. Poussin. Vol. I. Pp. 216. Price, 15.00 fr.
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.**
La Gerbe de Mistral à l'Autel de Marie. Edited by R. P. David. Pp. 105. Price, 12.00 fr.
- BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.**
Modern Science and the Truths Beyond. By Abbé Th. Moreaux. Pp. viii. 240. Price, 5s. n.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**
A Key to the Treasury. By Geo. D. Smith, D.D. Pp. 91. Price, 1s. *The Mystical Body of Christ.* By Mgr. Canon E. Myers, M.A. Pp. 86. Price, 1s.
- CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE ST. EMERY YEAR, Budapest.**
The Saint Emery Album. Edited by Charles Huszar. 159 pages of illustrations.
- COLLEGE OF ST. ALEXIUS FALCONERI, Rome.**
Monumenta Ordinis Servorum Sanctæ Mariæ. By P. R. M. Tauci. Vol. XX. Pp. 242.
- EDITORIAL SURGO, Buenos Aires.**
El Problema Religioso. By Nicolas M. Buil, S.J. Pp. xvi. 461.
- FATHER MATHEW RECORD OFFICE, Dublin.**
The Capuchin Annual. Edited by Father Senan, O.S.F.C. Pp. 256.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.**
Voice of the Church. By Father Aloysius, O.S.F.C. Pp. lix. 935. Price, 5s. *For Old Times Sake.* By Most Rev. P. E. Magennis. Pp. 248. Price, 5s. *In Emmet's Day.* Translated by Isobel Garahan. Pp. 89. Price, 3s.
- HENRY SOTHERAN, London.**
Green Leaves. By J. H. Stonehouse. Pp. 21. Price, 1s.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.**
La Troisième étape de la Vie Spirituelle ou Vie Unitive. By Canon H. Toublan. Pp. 128. Price, 8.00 fr. *Grandes Figures de Prêcheurs.* By Dom Rambaud, O.P. Pp. xvii. 172. Price, 12.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.**
Personal Discipleship and the Way of Prayer. By Canon J. C. H. How. Pp. xii. 111. Price, 2s. 6d.
- MARI E MARIETTI, Turin.**
De Matrimonii Mixti Eorumque Remediis. By Fr. Ter Haar, C.S.S.R. Pp. viii. 195. Price, 11 l. *Summa Philosophiæ Aristotelico-Thomistica.* Vol. I. By P. A. M. Pirotta, O.P. Pp. xii. 265. Price, 12 l. *Acta Hebdomadæ Augustinianæ-Thomistica,* Romæ, 23—30 Aprilis 1930, habitæ. Pp. 344. Price, 25 l.
- MITCHELL HUGHES & CLARKE, London.**
A Little Book of Spiritual Bequeathing. By E. Vine Hall. Pp. xii. 70. Price, 3s.
- ORIENTAL STUDIES, Rome.**
Bulletin d'Archeologie Chrétienne. By G. D. Jerphanion, S.J. Pp. 135. Price, 9 l.
- SANDS & CO., London.**
Annette and Philibert. By Henry Bordeaux. Pp. xxiv. 246. Price, 5s. n.
- S.P.C.K., London.**
Eucharistic Faith and Practice, Evangelical and Catholic. By Yngve Brilioth. Translated by A. G. Herbert. Pp. xvi. 295. Price, 12s. 6d.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York.**
Novels and Tales, by Catholic Writers. Compiled by S. J. Brown, S.J. Pp. xi. 125. Price, 50 c.
- "VITA E PENSIERO," Milan.**
Benedetto XIV e la Repubblica di Venezia. By Anton M. Bettanini. Pp. 330. Price, 20 l.

